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P.S.



april 1966 / sixty cents

Sweet and Lowdown/
the Lost Jazz Years/ by Nat Hentoff

Would You Want Your
Product to Marry a Negro/ by Alfred Bester

Freaks/ by Gahan Wilson

also:

Jean Shepherd/ Charles Beaumont

Russell Baker/ Ray Bradbury/ Isaac Asimov

a lively look at your past and promise



P.S.

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P. S. is a magazine which will look at what we've been through and, by means of humorous articles, indignant diatribes, unabashed nostalgia and anything else which comes to hand, try to figure out what it's done to us, and what we're likely to be up to next.



Our writers will include sore heads, gentle scholars, concerned observers, experts, and wool gatherers. Some will treat their subjects with deadly seriousness, and some will spoof them. But at all times they will treat them with a relish and a curiosity which we think will be contagious.



You won't agree with everything you read in P. S., you may even find yourself getting irked with us from time to time, but we believe that you will find it an entertaining magazine.



That is our purpose.

P.S.

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by Alfred Bester



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in this issue:

A magazine which examines "what we've been through" lends itself to more than the usual amount of rapport between writer and subject. So the natural approach to assembling the first issue of P. S. was to give our contributors all the elbowroom they wanted. This, we did. The result was an out-of-the-ordinary and delightfully varied table of contents.



Avram Davidson, the comfortably dressed gentlemen at left, leads off the issue with some of the funniest book reviews you'll ever see. Among the volumes considered are: *THE ROVER BOYS IN THE JUNGLE*, *DON STURDY IN THE PORT OF LOST SHIPS*, and—er—*FRANK ON A CHEESE-BOX ON A RAFT*?

Madison Avenue, which has been telling us what's good for us for some time, has had to do some adjusting itself in recent years. On page 12, Alfred Bester focuses on the changing role of the Negro in advertising and considers both the genuine progress and the grotesque situations generated by the civil rights pressure groups.

Nat Hentoff has written for *The New Yorker*, *The Reporter* and *The Village Voice* (among many others) and is especially known for his writing in the jazz field. "Sweet and Lowdown; The Lost Jazz Years" is a tribute to the jazzmen of his youth, and you will not have to recognize the tunes to enjoy the performance.

The strangest cat-mouse relationship ever surely was that between Crazy Kat and Ignatz Mouse. Ron Goulart looks with humor and insight at George Herriman's famous strip in "The Gentle Art of Brick Throwing." Mr. Goulart's work has appeared in *Show, Sports Illustrated* and (as an occasional advertising copywriter) on the back of several million boxes of breakfast food.

What is life like when you weigh 850 pounds? On page 24 you'll find a fascinating examination of freaks (and something about freak watchers) by Gahan Wilson. Mr. Wilson is best known for his macabre cartoons, recently collected in *GAHAN WILSON'S GRAVESIDE MANNER* (Ace Books).

Isaac Asimov is probably the top science writer in this country. He has written more than 50 books on science fact and science fiction, his latest being *THE NEW INTELLIGENT MAN'S GUIDE TO SCIENCE* (Basic Books). In "The Lovely Lost Landscapes of Luna" Dr. Asimov takes a nostalgic look at the solar system. How's that for variety?

At this writing, Floyd Patterson is about to fight Cassius Clay for the heavyweight championship of the world—and nobody much cares. Jerry Tallmer's recollection on page 44 is of a time when boxing, and one fighter in particular, meant a great deal to the world. Mr. Tallmer is one of the founders of *The Village Voice* and is now a reporter and drama critic for *The New York Post*.

The prolific Jean Shepherd will have a collection of his essays published this year by Doubleday and is presently at work on a Broadway play. Mr. Shepherd's commentary here on downy-cheeked men, grizzled females and the new Girl-Man will probably make you smile—that is, if you can stretch your bloody lips far enough.

Other items not to be missed are Charles Beaumont's affectionate tribute to Bela Lugosi, N. Y. Times columnist Russell Baker on games people (used to) play, and "When Elephants Last in the Dooryard Bloomed," a poem by Ray Bradbury.

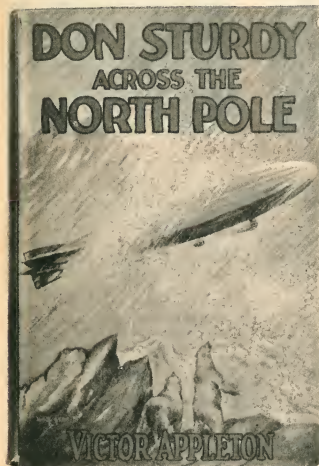
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*Any lad of mettle is certain to revel in this spirited account of series books—
from the Rover Boys to Bomba the Jungle Boy.*

Don Sturdy and the 30,000 Series Books



by Avram Davidson

SOMETIME during the 1930's three twelve-year-old boys (of which I was one, but I won't say which one) were playing at anagram, a sort of proto-Scrabble of a game; and one of them turned up the tokens S-E-X.

Promptly, another one of them protested, "There's no such word!"

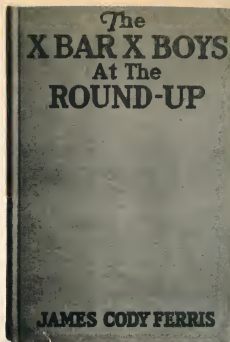
"Yes there is," the other insisted; "but I can't define it."

And the third one said, "I've seen it, but I don't know what it means."

The word was allowed to stand, but that is not the point. I believe I'm quite safe in saying that such a conversation could not take place today between three twelve-year-old boys. The mother of an even younger child said to me not long ago, "Children today don't seem to talk about anything *but* sex; I think they're all mutations, and I blame it on the atomic bomb." Accord-

ing to others—many, many others—she might better have blamed it on books. Conservatives...prudes, if you prefer...continue to fight the battle of the library shelves, but any kid with the correct change can purchase a paperback novel which is more explicit than the coy marriage manuals which occasionally came our juvenile way during the days when the only thing we had to fear was fear itself. We read, though—we did read, extensively. What did we read? Comic books, so-called, for good and/or evil, had not appeared yet. The first and for long the only one, *Famous Funnies*, didn't come out until the later 30's—and consisted only of reprints of newspaper comic sheets ("funny papers," we called them, locally; "jokes" was the insufferable New Yorkism). For a very few years starting about 1932 there were the Big Little Books—about the size of your palm, a sort of textual extrapolation of the adventures of staple

(continued) 3



personalities such as Dick Tracy and Little Orphan Annie—and of course there were the pulps. Boy, were there ever the pulps!

But that is another story.

Mostly, then, we read series books, and that, of course, is the subject of this article. No critical appraisal of any serious nature is intended. The publisher has not yet been born who would pay me enough to endure reading through the hundreds, if not thousands, of these volumes which appeared during (approximately) the first four decades of the current Christian century. They aren't totally extinct even yet, and they existed before then, but that was the period of their efflorescence. Their price, new, was 50¢ a volume, and I believe the price remained constant, but few boys ever actually went into a book store and bought one new. We did not buy new books any more than we bought new pencils, rubber bands, paper clips, or paper bags. We acquired them. We borrowed them, traded them, found them, or had them pressed upon us by parents of boys who had outgrown them, or who had, perhaps—judging from the usual reaction when they were portaged home: "Air them! Air them! Put them in the Sun!"—perhaps died of the plague, or the pip. Sometimes, I am afraid, we merely walked off and found, later, with mild surprise that the books had somehow adhered to us.

Many of the copies must have had long histories—the *Frank* series, for example. There was *Frank On A Gunboat*, *Frank On A Dreadnought*, and, oh, let me think ... *Frank On A Cheesebox On A Raft*, maybe. Anyway, Frank, in these (appropriately) blue-grey volumes, thinner than subsequent series books and with smaller print, sure got well around the Union fleet.

"Here's one for Abe Linkern, Yank!"

"Not so fast, Sesesh!" cried our hero, levelling his musket. The ball pierced the Rebel's bosom and ...

Thus, a sample scenelet, reconstructed (ho ho) from memory. And there was a rare evidence of an even earlier boys series books world in *Oliver Optic*, of which I

recollect nothing, and *Rollo*, of which I recollect but little. Rollo was an American youth making an antebellum Grand Tour with his uncle. The only volume I clearly remember was *Rollo In Rome*—then part of the Papal States, tisk—but I tend to think that the others bore titles like *Rollo In Lombardy-Venetia*, *Rollo At The Sublime Porte*, and so on. Illustrations were steel engravings of the two gazing frozenly at classical statuary of athletes with reticulated stomach muscles. Conversation went something like this:

"You see, Rollo, had you succumbed to impetuosity and purchased the oranges from the diligence-driver, they would have cost you three grumpkins a pood; whereas by prudently waiting until we have reached the Bezhpodnitskie, or Fruit Hawkers' Quarter, we are able to acquire the succulent citrus for a mere half-grumpkin the quintal. Furthermore, they are of a superior quality."

"Oh! Uncle! Thank you," said Rollo, gratefully. "I shall purchase cameos for Mamma and Baby Phoebe with the savings."

Bidding the dragoman take up the fruit and follow them, Uncle Ebenezer led the way into the narthex of the Cathedral of Saint Ichabod the Insane. "I call your attention," he told the eager youth, "to the murals commissioned by King Bogomil the Bigot!"

Genuk; Rollo.

I have before me a fairly typical work of the genre. The publisher, Cupples and Leon, describes the whole series in an advertisement on the antepenultimate page of the inch-thick volumes as:

"THE BOMBA BOOKS / By ROY ROCKWOOD / 12mo. Cloth. Illustrated. With Colored jacket. [I never saw a Bomba book on which the jacket had survived.] / Price 50 cents per volume. Postage 10 cents additional. / Bomba lived far back in the jungles of the Amazon with a half-demented naturalist who told the lad nothing of his past. The jungle boy was a lover of birds, and

JERRY TODD AND THE FLYING FLAPDOODLE



BY LEO EDWARDS

hunted animals with a bow and arrow and his trusty machete. He had only a primitive education, and his daring adventures will be followed with breathless interest by thousands." Which, I have not the slightest doubt in the world, they were. The advertisement lists sixteen volumes, concluding with the staunch declaration that, "These books may be purchased wherever books are sold," and the invitation to "Send For Our Free Illustrated Catalogue."

Cupples and Leon were big, but Grossett and Dunlap were even bigger; to my certain knowledge they put out the Rover Boys, Tom Swift, Jerry Todd, Poppy Ott, X Bar X Boys, Don Sturdy, The Radio Boys, Railroad Ralph, and other series books in multitudes. Nevertheless, they were a bit cagier with giveaways. The rear of their books, at least during the 20's and 30's, had bound in a page with the following exhortum:

"THIS ISN'T ALL! I Would you like to know what became of the good friends you have made in this book? I Would you like to read stories continuing their adventures and experiences, or other books quite as entertaining by the same author? I On the reverse side of the wrapper which comes with this book, you will find a wonderful list of stories which you can buy at the same store where you got this book.

"DON'T THROW AWAY THE WRAPPER

"Use it as a handy catalog of the books you want some day to have. But in case you do mislay it, write to the Publishers for a complete catalog."

I don't recall knowing anyone who ever *did* write for a catalogue, or catalog; I don't really know why—we wrote for everything else that was free. The paper outer covers, or (dust) jackets or wrappers, seldom survived even one tenure of ownership, and most of them were familiar to us in their naked cloth covers alone—some of which (Bomba The Jungle Boy, for example, and The Rover Boys) had taken this probability into account by having pictures of the hero or heroes imprinted right onto the books. The cloth covers came in a narrow vari-

ety of colors. Bomba is a sort of puke-tan, Jerry Todd and Poppy Ott are red, so is Don Sturdy, Tom Swift is a rather vile mustard-yellow, The Boy Allies are brown; the Rover Boys I remember as being principally brown, too, but my only copy on hand (*The Rover Boys In The Jungle*) is dark green. All, however, had this in common, that if touched with anything wet, the color ran and left a faded spot.

I must admit I never liked Tom Swift despite the fact that his series was by far the most numerous available on the free market in used copies. For one thing, his inventions had become by the 30's long out of date (*Electric Runabout*, forsooth!), and for another, the style put me off. He had a sort of side man, an old codger whose name gladly escapes me, and who was always "ejaculating" things like, "Bless my liver pad and shoe buttons, Tom!" Another series profusely available and which I for some reasons wouldn't read, was *The Boy Allies* (of World War I, that is). Still, they must have been popular, for they had all been read to shreds. They were at the Somme and on the Marne, I recall, and their covers showed them in a sort of archaic Boy Scout-type uniform, displaying semaphore flags (I think)—but that is all I recall.

Tom Swift (before we bid him goodbye forever, as his steam aeroplane sinks slowly in the west) was authored by Victor Appleton, as was Don Sturdy; author of the Rover Boys was Arthur M. Winfield. Both "Winfield" and "Appleton" were actually a gentleman named Edward Stratemeyer, who, under these and many other pseudonyms as well as his own name, turned out hundreds of boys books. About ten or fifteen years ago, when Tom Swift was being resuscitated with rocket ships and isotopes, I read in the newspapers that Mr. Stratemeyer-Winfield-Appleton-etc.'s daughter was put in charge of the project—testing the new books on neighborhood boys to see how they'd go over. Lots of luck, lady. (*continued*)

I have four randomly selected series books before me, chosen almost equally randomly for me by friends at my request, from the stacks of charity stores such as Goodwill Industries, Salvation Army, and St. Vincent de Paul: I preferred not to allow any subliminal preferences remaining from my own past to influence me. They are: *The Rover Boys In The Jungle* (1900), *Don Sturdy In The Port Of Lost Ships* (1926), *The X Bar X Boys At Grizzly Pass* (1929), *Bomba The Jungle Boy And The Lost Explorers* (1930), and *Jerry Todd And The Flying Flapdoodle* (1934). I should have liked to have included at least one book of the several Boy Scout series (*Pee-wee Harris* and *Tom Slade* were two) done by Percy Keese Fitzhugh, but none presented themselves. I think my readers will forgive me for excluding *The Bobbsey Twins*, *Honeybunch*, and *Nancy Drew* series entirely. My stomach is not strong, and the jezail bullet which I picked up in— But what we have here should do well enough, I think. Onward, therefore.

"Back to Putnam Hall again, boys! Hurrah!"

"Yes, back again, Tom, and glad of it," returned Dick Rover. "I can tell you, the academy is getting to be a regular second home."

"Right you are, Dick," came from Sam Rover.

Here we might pause and wonder why the third Rover Boy was not named Harry, but Arthur M. Winfield carries us on with the relentless sweep of his narrative. *Azoy*—

Sam Rover, the youngest of the three brothers.

"I'd rather be here than up on the farm, even if Uncle Randolph and Aunt Martha are kind and considerate. The farm is so slow—"

"While here we have our full share of adventures and more," finished Tom. "I wonder what will happen to us this term. The other terms kept us mighty busy, didn't they?"

"I'm not looking for any more outside adventures," said Dick, with a serious shake of his head. "Our enemies have been disposed of, and I don't want to hear or see of them again."

But we, of course, know better, projected paranoia being an indispensable state of mind for readers of series books. We know damned well that something worse than knotty problems in plain geometry or an intercepted illicit midnight ice-cream feast lies ahead of our protagonists. We are prepared to be diverted by the antics of ethnic types simple ("... a round-faced German youth named Hans Mueller [...] 'Me fight der Indians? Vot you means py dot?'") or sinister ("... a tall, lank, red-haired boy of Irish descent [...] '... a sneak...' Mm '... doesn't belong at all in our style of a crowd.'"), but we know all along that something *big* lies ahead. Scarcely can we bear to attend to the kite-flying scene with the girls—

As my old readers may guess, Dick was very attentive to Dora, and his brothers were scarcely less so to [Grace and Nellie] ...

—even though the kite almost pulls Sam off a cliff. Soon enough and sure enough! Dan Baxter, a bully and general low-life sent to jail by the Rover Boys in a previous

book, breaks out, fires at them with a pistol, and escapes. Well! Things are on the move at last!

Meanwhile, what of lanky, sneaky, red-haired, Irish, probably Papist and certainly unpopular Jim Craven? Well may you ask. I'll tell you. He steals \$32.00, a gold watch, a silver watch, and a ruby shirt-stud—and plants the stud and a watch in the trunk of Alexander Pop, the academy waiter and "an honest colored peckson, sah." Poor Pop protests his innocence—"I dun reckon sum-buddy put up a job on dis poah coon, sah"—but is led off to jail, escaping en route before the aptly-named Craven's guilt is discovered. Too bad, Pop. In 1900 the Colored at least knew their place, more than could be said for the pushy Irish.

But we must move along. The Boys are summoned from school by a telegram from Uncle Randolph—their long-lost father, Anderson Rover, is reported the "prisoner of the Bumwo tribe of natives, ruled by King Susko," in the Congo. And for why? "I have discovered the secret of a gold mine here, and the king [fears] that my discovery will bring the English or French here to slay him and his followers. They know nothing here of Americans," the captive adds, wistfully.

"But we'll go in search of him!" cries Tom. "What dangers wouldn't we face for father's sake! [...] I'd go through fire and water for him!" That's the ticket, Tom. Bully for you! And of course the other Boys say the same.

Uncle Randolph Rover consents, adding, rather prissily, "But don't blame me ... if the undertaking costs one or more of you your lives." Humph.

Well, pausing just long enough to purchase light clothing, a revolver each, one rifle, "and likewise a number of cheap gold and silver trinkets"—as Uncle R. explains, "The natives are becoming civilized ... but for all that, I am certain a small gift now and then will go a long way toward making friends"—they are off aboard the French steamer, *République*. And whom, pray tell, do they find adrift in a small boat in mid-Atlantic? Why, the innocent Colored fugitive, Alexander Pop! He joins the party. Boma, then capital of the Congo, proves a disappointment: "The natives were short, fat, and exceedingly greasy ... Hardly a one of them could speak English." Laws, what a blessing slavery had been for Alexander Pop. Nevertheless, the Boys hire a native guide named Cujo (sic)—presumably less oleaginous than the others, and at any rate able to speak English.

However, whom do they next run across, "hollow and careworn" and tatterdemalion? You don't know? Haven't you been *listening*? Why, Dan Baxter, ex-bully, ex-prisoner, and ex-pistol-shooter-at-the-Rover Boys; that's who. Who else? The open-hearted Boys generously offer him \$22 if he will reform and turn over a new leaf. Does he? Not on your tin-type. But in 1884, when the three psych doctors in the U.S.A. wore wing collars and liver pads and considered tight corsets as a prime cause of neurasthenia, things were simpler. *Much* simpler. Baxter

remained as meek as before, but... was naturally a savage cur and lacked the backbone necessary for genuine reformation.

Baxter instead chooses to join himself to

a number of persons of mixed French and native blood who were little better than the old-time brigands of Italy... led by a wicked wretch who went by the name of Captain Villaire. [...] "I hate them," muttered Dan, and his eyes shone wickedly. [...] "You helpa me, I helpa you," said the wily French native.

Barely does the Rovers' party get well into the boondocks when they are imprisoned for ransom by Baxter, Villaire, *et Cie*. But the two brave coons—er, pardon me—Cujo and Alex Pop—effect the white men's freedom. The fools. Villaire, crying, "*Nous sommes trahis!*" flees in panic, Baxter is allowed to head for the coast with the promise he will be shot on sight the next time, and our friends get on with it.

Not without some philosophizing, though. Tom, musing on the uncivilized state of the Congo, murmurs that he reckons that "civilization can't come too quick, even if it has to advance behind bayonets and cannon." King Susko, chief of the Bumwos, and captor of Anderson Rover, has, however, different notions—the poor black bastard.

"This country belongs to the Bumwos. White man has no right here! Go! [...] Want the white man to leave," [said] the African chief, talking in fairly good English.

He was probably only moderately greasy, but had no notions of political science. However, his spears avail him little. The Boys release their father, return to the U.S.A. with some clean-cut Yale men who just happened to be on hand in the Congo hunting botanical specimens and looking around furtively for a chance to change their luck; and even get the school authorities to "apologize handsomely to Aleck [Pop] for the way they had treated the colored man"—who was, after all, pretty white.

The Rover Boys went on forever, eventually marrying and, in some aseptic and naturally non-described way, siring a second crop of Rover Boys! "Arthur M. Winfield" wrote a whole series about them, too, but the Hell with it.

Twenty-six years later finds "Winfield," as "Victor Appleton," writing away with undiminished vigor in *Don Sturdy In The Port Of Lost Ships*. There are, of course, differences. For example, Don, "a tall, muscular lad [with] keen, brown eyes," is not "attentive" to girls as the Rover Boys were. He kisses his sister Ruth, but when he meets "Emily, a very pretty girl of about the age of Ruth," and sister of his friend Fred Turner, whose life Don saved, what does Don do? Does he even fly a kite with her? Naah. He spends "a pleasant hour chatting with brother and sister..."

"Adventure is my middle name," says Don. And his uncle, Captain Frank Sturdy, declares that, "To speak of danger to you is like waving a red flag at a bull." Cap'n



Frank is

big, muscular, dark complexioned... a mighty hunter of big game, a crack shot, and... usually away in some remote quarter of the globe, collecting live specimens of beasts and reptiles for the International Museum and Menagerie Corporation, with offices in London, Paris, and New York.

Prof. Bruce, Don's other uncle, is "an expert in minerals, mummies, and relics of earlier civilizations..." Zip! Off they all go to the Sargasso Sea, to pick up rare pelagic fauna, including—Don hopes—the deadliest creature in the sea, the savage devilfish, or Giant Squid. Razzmatazz!

Not, however, before a revealing scene or two with Brick, or Teddy Allison, whose "eyes twinkling with mischief mingled with delight as he and Don clapped each other on the back." We are beginning to see. "Teddy Allison and Don... the warmest of friends?" You just bet they are! *How* warm is partially hinted at when "Teddy rubbed his hand down Don's back." Hmmm. "Teddy's pulse quickened, and his eyes grew bright with longing..." For what? A chance to go devil-fishing in the Sargasso? Fiddlesticks, he is hot for Don's body, is what; and his next words confirm it: "I'll have to beat it back first thing in the morning, Don old boy... I can resist everything but temptation, and this is beginning to get me." You get those italics (mine)? A quotation from *Oscar Wilde*! No surprise, is it, when "Teddy... and Don some time later... went up to the hotel room they were to share that night"? And although Teddy "grins" when he complains that his father suspects, pursues, persecutes him, we aren't deceived. We know the typical faggot syndrome when we see it. Don is far better off in the Sargasso. Who ever heard of a queer devilfish?

Next day the ship sails off to find the giant squid.

On the dock, waving hats and handkerchiefs and cheering enthusiastically, was a crowd far larger than usual on sailing days, for... the news had spread until the interest in [the expedition] was almost nation-wide. (continued)

As a nation, we were much more squid-conscious then than we are now, of course.

Anyway, there is Don, away from Teddy and the hot-house hotel atmosphere, safely away in the wholesome surroundings of the ship. Which proceeds to pick up a young male castaway, and—

"It's all right," Don said, soothingly, as he passed his hand over the lad's forehead. "You're safe and among friends. [...] Can't we take him down to my cabin? ... There's plenty of room for two and I'll be able to look after him."

Poor Teddy! Out of sight, out of mind. As for Jerry, the castaway lad, he soon gets over his naive moping, and admits to Don, "You do me more good than medicine." Don obviously had a great and successful future ahead of him; now that he is on well into middle-age and can no longer depend on his good looks and muscles, his extensive youthful experience must stand him in good stead.

However, all this is not fun and games in the cozy little two-berth cabin. The ship is caught fast in the solid matting of the Sargasso Sea, and though they think they have escaped—

Don, with his arms entwined around Jerry's shoulders ... indulged in a wild dance around the cabin. —Well—they haven't. Escaped for long, I mean. So they walk off across the solid seaweed, are attacked by two lions, two tigers, and a leopard which had escaped from a trapped menagerie ship; and a few devilish which hadn't; capture two bankrobbers; recover \$200,000 in gold and banknotes; discover \$30,000 worth of rare stamps; collect a giant squid; and finally get home again safely.

Does Don then drop Jerry the way he did Teddy? Inasmuch as his "affection for Jerry had grown stronger steadily and had been cemented by the sufferings through which they had gone together," I tend to doubt it. At least not *immediately*. Heavens!

I came to *The X Bar X Boys At Grizzly Pass* with some misgivings, never having been much of a cowboyophile in youth or sad old age.

"Looks as if we were in for some snowstorm," remarked Roy Manley to his brother Teddy.

"Ho hum," remarked your reporter, to his dog Mudgett.

The boys were ... riding along a high mountain trail. They had been inspecting cattle at a distant range where the cropping was still good. [...] "Dad looks for a hard winter ... Too bad, with so many cattle on hand. But Dad thought he'd better hold some of them over until prices went up."

"This sounds somewhat authentic," I said. "Mr. James Cody Ferris seems to have at least some genuine knowledge of a genuine subject. Don Sturdy wouldn't know anything about good cropping or price rises if they bit him in the calf of his muscular leg. Besides, what would he have done if he'd been snowbound (as the *X Bar X Boys* shortly thereafter were) overnight in a makeshift lean-to? Made a pass at one of them, no doubt. Teddy, probably."

And when we learn that the Manley boys have a young

sister, named Belle Ada, who plays the piano at the ranch house, disbelief can remain willingly unsuspended no longer. Belle Ada!—this is *horribly* authentic. These are real people! Can't you just see them in the ranch house sitting room? Bardwell Manley, the grizzled rancher, rolling himself a seg-geet after the day's long work, says, "Give us a song on the pie-an-ner, won't you, Belle Ada, honey?" And young Belle Ada, flouncing her ruffled skirts and smoothing her Mary Pickford curls prettily, sets down at the instrument and gives them *The Rose of No Man's Land* and *Yes, Sir, She's My Baby* and *Just Before The Battle, Mother*. Gad!

More. Girls, in fact. Teddy asks:

"What were you and Nell doing in the kitchen yesterday? When you came out your arms were all over flour."

"Oh, she wasn't hugging me," replied Roy, trying to speak in a casual tone and failing in the attempt.

"She was making cookies and said I bothered her; so she pushed me away with her floury hands."

[...]

"Well," said Teddy mournfully, after a few minutes of silence, "I'm sorry Nell and Ethel are going home. We'll miss them awfully, shan't we, Roy?"

"You bet we shall!" Roy's face grew sober at the thought. "They're the finest girls I ever met. Good sports, always ready for fun, and nothing slushy about them. I hate a girl that's always wanting to pet."

The perennial periodical question of the day was, I do well recall, *Must A Girl Pet To Be Popular?* Not at the *X Bar X Ranch*, she mustn't. I feel certain, though, that Roy was using the verb in an older, different, lesser sense than the later magazines and newspapers.

The girls (including Belle Ada) off to New York, *The X Bar X Boys At Grizzly Pass* gets on with its main story line, a fairly simple one, of course, involving cattle rustling. It need not detain us long, it need not detain us at all. It is remarkable only for what is probably one of the first appearances in print of "Leaping lizards!" and for a confession which would never in a million years have been made by Don Sturdy.

Teddy's eyes shone with excitement as he made sure his rifle was ready for action. [...] "You're not afraid, are you, Roy?"

"Of course not," Roy answered impatiently. "But I'd just as soon be somewhere else at this minute."

Adventure isn't *his* middle name! Speaking of danger to him is nothing like waving a red flag at a bull. I like Roy Manley, and I'm sure sorry for what happened to the price of beef the year after this book came out.

"It is a wild storm, Master."

"Yes, and it grows wilder, Gibo," replied Bomba, the jungle boy, as he strove to breast the gale that was sweeping all before it. "Gibo and Bomba must seek shelter till the storm is past."

"The gods are angry at us," muttered Gibo. "They are sending the demons of the wind to destroy Bomba and Gibo."

Well, *there's* a scene well-set for you. Shall we go on? Etched in its fierce light against the forest, the jungle boy, as he stood there, presented a striking fig-

ure. He was tall for his age of fifteen years, clean cut, as symmetrical as a Greek god, with muscles rippling beneath his bronzed skin that betokened tremendous physical strength. His features were strong and finely chiseled, his eyes brown as the hair that waved above his bare head.

His only garments consisted of a short tunic and a puma skin stretched across his breast. Sandals of the native type shod his feet. He was armed with bow and arrows, and at his belt was a knife, a deadly machete, almost a foot in length and of a razor edge.

His servant and faithful follower, Gibo, was a stalwart, dark-skinned Indian of a jungle tribe whom Bomba had once rescued from a flood and who from that time had followed his master with dog-like devotion, ready at any moment to give his life for the jungle boy.

If by this time you have gotten the idea that our lad Bomba is a sort of pocket Tarzan, you are quite right. New World variety, though, which means he has a prehensile tail. Or something. All a lot of nonsense, to be sure, but don't forget this came out in 1930, which means not only a lesser degree of sophistication, but that it was read through the Depression by boys who were outgrowing their knickers and were bound fast not only by a crippled economic system but by a thousand hobbling conventions unknown to those of the same age today. Money bought more, but there was a Hell of a lot less of it to make up for that; school staffs consisted almost entirely of unhappy and menopausal virgins; and the streets were full of tough kids who had not yet learned to mug old ladies but were warming up for it by bashing other, untough kids. There was no TV and movies were for weekends only. It was possible, then, to get away from all that by trading your already-read copy of, say, *The X Bar X Boys At Grizzly Pass* for another fellow's just-read copy of, say, *Bomba The Jungle Boy And The Lost Explorers*. It was perhaps a purer form of escapism than that offered by any of the boys series books because its actions took place entirely out of any familiar context.

True, there were Tarzan and John Carter of Mars, the books in which they figured were series books and were in every sense of the word but one juveniles—but they were juveniles written for adults, and therein lies the difference.

Back to Bomba, now.

Twang! The arrow shot through the air and pierced the reptile's neck. The blow was mortal. It severed the spine and the head sank down on the thrashing, floundering mass of coils that beat the ground in the creature's death flurry.

"Gibo can rise," said the jungle boy calmly. "The anaconda is dead."

"Great is Bomba!" chanted the Indian. "In all the jungle there is no heart so brave, no eye so keen, no aim so straight. Bomba has conquered the lord of the jungle."

The key word here is not *jungle*, but *boy*. Who could fail to sympathize with Bomba when, keen eye or no keen eye,

He felt the tug of his white blood. He longed for

his own race. He knew that he was different from the ignorant natives that [sic] surrounded him. He wanted to be with his own people, to take his rightful place in the world.

Who? No one, that's who. Alas, it took till volume 10 for the mystery of his origins to be solved; the mystery of his arrows, to the best of my knowledge, never was solved. *Bomba unsung his bow and drew an arrow from his pouch—a funny place to keep arrows, but let that pass—The arrow struck the puma at the top of his right foreleg... The bow twanged. The tapir gave a convulsive leap. The arrow had pierced its heart... His bow twanged and the arrow pierced the heart of Iduno. The savage gave a convulsive leap and fell... His bow twanged and one of the arrows buried itself, quivering, in the throat of the nearer jaguar... The twang of Bomba's bow [and] the feather-hafted shaft penetrated the [second] jaguar's heart...*

And so it goes: Twang, twang, twang, eh, Master Bomba? I suppose he must have extruded the damned arrows from ectoplasm, or else just squeezed them out like blackheads. Oh well. Onward, to a scene containing instant recognition.

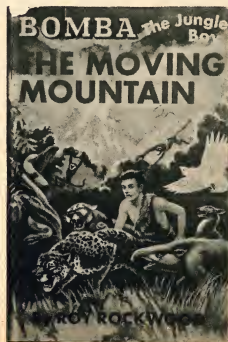
"String the prisoner up by his wrists to the limb of a tree and smear his feet with honey," Nascanora directed.

"The ants will feast... Let him stay there till his feet are stripped of flesh to the bone..."

Ah, yes. This was the way things were *done*, South of the Border. We all knew that. Devil a bit of honey ever went on toast down there, where the supply was barely sufficient for smearing on prisoners. Nevertheless, and even though Bomba finally finds his parents and goes off with them to the city, still,

"...some day the jungle will see me again. It is life to me. I cannot live without it."

Gosh! (continued)



Anton Chekhov, M.D., of Moscow, in one of his most penetrating comments on literature, said, "People do not go to the North Pole and fall off icebergs. They go to offices, drink cabbage soup, and quarrel with their wives." Is it absurd to measure boys series books against any Chekhovian yardstick? I think not against this one, certainly, since it is such a simple, sensible one. It may be argued that although boys do not go to the North Pole and fall off icebergs, still, they would *like* to; and therefore they like to read about people who do. No doubt. But there are the boyhood and American equivalents of going to offices, drinking cabbage soup, and quarreling with wives. Would American boys like to read about them? Did anyone ever write series books about them?—or, at any rate, series books in which they even figured? The question seems absurd, in the light of *The Rover Boys*, *Don Sturdy*, *Bomba*, or even the *X Bar X Boys*; but it is far from being absurd. The answer is, Yes. The books exist and were written, three or four series of them, by a fellow who used the name of Leo Edwards. And they were mightily read.

A publisher's blurb reads, "Mr. Edwards' boy characters are real." This is the truth, though of course not the whole truth. Jerry Todd is not real the way Studs Lonigan is real. We do not see all of Jerry Todd or Poppy Ott or Red Myers, but what we do see of them is not false. The realism of the books is a limited realism, but it represents one of the exceedingly rare attempts at any degree of realism in the *genre* at all. When Jerry Todd's parents leave him alone in the house in Tutter (Ill.), it is not to go hunt gold mines in Africa or snare squid in the Sargasso Sea; it is to visit Aunt Em, who has been hit by a car in Indianapolis. The boys spit, avoid taking baths, misbehave foolishly, are spanked, know girls who have warts and whose fathers sell fish; they have dirty ears and little sisters with measles and fat aunts and mothers with tight shoes and grandpas who dribble gravy on their vests; they eat ketchup and beans and liver and onions and pickled pigs feet and fried steak, and they lick the batter in the mixing bowl. Their mothers go shopping for curtains to match the wall paper in the front bedrooms and squabble amiably with their fathers and go to beauty parlors.

The boys have church affiliations, even if we seldom if ever see them attending, and the author frequently if mildly denounces religious fanaticism. Their adventures may be a bit improbable, but never more than just that bit; and they occur right there in the little town whose map appears conveniently on the endpapers, or at any rate not much more than a short ride or a hike or a boat's row away from it.

We had to cross the canal. For the rag shed was on the south side of town. And to keep out of sight as much as possible, we finally decided to use the railroad bridge near dad's brickyard. From there we'd follow the switch-track to the cement mill, and then cut off to the left. Once we got to the cement mill, we'd have everything to ourselves. For the people down there don't roam around much at night—especially on a dark night like this.

"Leo Edwards" has the invaluable collaboration of a first-rate illustrator, Bert Salg, whose drawings are perhaps describable as realistic cartoons. No . . . that doesn't do them justice. Here's one showing a tiny (but not a model) airplane glider on a downtown village street. There, in the crowd looking on, is a woman in the beach pajamas briefly popularized as women's street dress in the early 30's, boys in drooping knickers, a bearded farmer in a buggy, a little girl whose bloomers are showing, a grocer standing in his apron in front of his store as he shoves stuff into a bag, an old woman in a shawl fumbling with her bundles, and so on. I think Bert Salg was a school of art to himself—entertaining, persuasive, illustrative, unique—and that he deserves to be known and valued and exhibited. He wasn't great; he was just good . . . probably too good for his audience, who very possibly may have preferred the hack work illustrating other series books, with anacondas dripping from trees like Spanish moss.

Another feature peculiar to the books of "Leo Edwards" was the OUR CHATTERBOX section of about fifteen pages of small print included in the backs—a sort of fan report from the readership: mostly contributions by the boys, whose actual names and addresses appeared. By the later 30's OUR CHATTERBOX had vanished, reprints of earlier volumes contained fewer of the wonderful Salg illustrations, Jerry Todd had become *Jerry Todd, Detective*, and Salg himself was alas dead. If any ones appeared later than the 30's, I never saw them. The author's real name was Edward Lee and he lived in Cambridge, Wisconsin. I wish I knew more about him. I have no intention of taking a cultist's view of these books, but it is my considered opinion that they have genuine historical merit as a reflection of a region genuinely existing in time and space. In some faint but definite way, they anticipate Richard Bissell. And were much fun to read.

Well, there we are—four books covering thirty-five years, and a fairly reasonable sample of what American boys were reading during that period. I have no moral, I draw no conclusion. The children and grandchildren of those who read and enjoyed the *Rover Boys*, *Don*

P.S.

Sturdy, Bomba The Jungle Boy, and Jerry Todd are likely far too sophisticated to be content with such simple fare. What do they read, instead? I scarcely know—my own son is too young to read as yet. I have some faint notion that young men “hovering perilously on the verge of puberty” (in George Orwell’s felicitous phrase) dabble largely in science fiction and paperback pornography, both of which (in Kurt Vonnegut’s equally f. ph.) “depict a world of impossible hospitality.” The adult series books of Edgar Rice Burroughs are enjoying a revival, but they can scarcely compete with the adult series books of Ian Fleming, which combine both science fiction and pornography. One can scarcely imagine the Rover Boys in Soviet Russia, or Bomba The Jungle Boy preventing a raid on Fort Knox. I don’t think that Don Sturdy ever had sex with women even after he grew up. I am sure that Jerry Todd did . . . and maybe even before . . . but I am equally sure that he never killed any of them—before or afterwards. He probably runs the brickyard in Tutter now, and votes the straight Republican ticket, inevitably.

Really, the only character out of the earlier series books who forms a link with subsequent and adult literature is Roy Manley. I know damned well what happened to him. The X Bar X Ranch was lost during the Depression to the First National Bank of Denver. Roy had a hard time of it, riding the rods and all of that bit and scene. But then he learned to blow pot and met Jack Kerouac and became a saint.

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**The
X BAR X BOYS
at
GRIZZLY PASS**

1. Mrs. Roosevelt. 2. a. Walter B. Pitkin. b. Dale Carnegie. c. Dorothea Brande. d. Marjorie Hillis. 3. Miniature golf. 4. Winnie Ruth Judd. 5. It was first sung by the cartoon pigs in Walt Disney's *Three Little Pigs*. 6. a. CCC—Civilian Conservation Corps. b. PWA—Public Work Administration. c. FHA—Federal Housing Administration. d. AAA—Agricultural Adjustment Administration. e. TVA—Tennessee Valley Authority. 7. Clifton Fadiman. 8. a. Walter Winchell. b. Jimmy Durante. 9. The Lambeth Walk. 10. Major Bowes. 11. Fireside chats were the addresses of F.D.R. which he began shortly after his first inaugural. His opening phrase was “My friends . . .” 12. a. Jackie Coogan. b. Jackie Cooper. c. Freddie Bartholomew. d. Shirley Temple. e. Deanna Durbin. f. Patsy Duke. g. Mickey Rooney.

*Would
you want
your product
to marry a
Negro?*



by Alfred Bester

It was back in the glamorous radio days of the forties, and we were re-casting the lead for *Charlie Chan*. The producer, network representative and myself (I was writing and directing the show) auditioned talent for a solid week. We heard scores of readings but no one excited me until Juano Hernandez came along. Juano was my idea of the perfect Charlie Chan, and his performance offered such extra dimensions that I was immediately inspired with a hundred ideas for new and arresting situations to write for him. There was only one hitch; Juano was a Negro.

I fought for him tooth and nail. The producer and the network man argued that it was impossible to have a Negro play a Chinese detective. How would it look in publicity shots? What would people think? How could they believe in Chan? I answered that we got maybe one newspaper picture a year, and we could make Juano up for the shot; people never thought anyway; and Juano could make a Chinaman believe his Chan was real. Then the client's representative from the advertising agency weighed in with the crusher. "Look," he said, "we've got nothing against Negroes, but we sell our product down south, too, and they'll never buy it with a Negro playing the lead." So Juano lost out, and Ed Begley got the part.

Now the entertainment business has always been the most democratic business in the world. Outside of politics which periodically splits it into feuds between the lunatic left and the lunatic right, the business does not recognize such trivial matters as Jew and Gentile, Black and White, Catholic and Protestant, or Homosexual and Straight. Then why were Juano and I loused? The answer is the key phrase, *We sell our product*, and that phrase is responsible for the Negro revolution that has taken place in advertising in the past two years; and make no mistake, when you talk radio and television, you're talking advertising.

Certain hard truths about the background for this revolution must be told. Although there was no particular prejudice against Negro actors in the past, very few were hired. In the first place, very few parts were written for Negroes because the Negro didn't ordinarily participate in the fairytale life that radio described. There was no place for the Negro unless he played a servant, and the business was already conscious of Uncle Tomism, and trying to avoid it. It was virtually impossible to write a star role for a Negro because the client wouldn't permit it. Some of his best friends were Negroes, but he had to worry about sales down South.

In the second place, whenever we managed to write a Negro into a show, he was usually played by a white actor. The truth is that, with a few notable exceptions, the Negroes were lousy actors. It wasn't a question of talent, it was the result of lack of training and experience. There was no place for the Negro actor to learn his craft, and there were very few opportunities for him to gain experience. Consequently he came to competitive auditions untrained and green, and almost always lost out.

The problem plagued some of us, but on the whole it didn't bother radio much. A few sops were thrown. Negro entertainers were permitted to appear on variety shows, provided they did not perform with Whites. Think (continued)



Let's put it on the 6:15 and see if it gets off at Harlem.

back and you'll recall that the Negro always had an isolated number. Negro orchestras were used on a few shows such as *Duffy's Tavern*, but integrated orchestras were unheard of. And, of course, there was Rochester, often pointed to with pride by my Negro colleagues as the first example of a non-Uncle Tom characterization in the business. I've argued this point with them, insisting that Rochester was as yak-yak as the worst. It appears that they feel he wasn't Uncle Tom because Jack Benny gave him the laughs. In other words, he won. Keep this in mind; it's the crux of the Negro's fight today.

The revolution came about when the Negro became a buying power in America, and became conscious of the fact. Buying power is the ultimate weapon, as witness the ludicrous influence of teen-age buying power on entertainment and advertising today. SNCC's and CORE's threat of a Negro boycott has Madison Avenue shaking in its shoes, and has resulted in some grotesque situations because the Negroes are attempting to erase a hundred years of humiliation overnight, and the Whites who are being forced to accommodate them are incapable of understanding the problem.

Here's an example. One of the friendly-type banks had been pestered for years by the advertising agency to put Negroes in their commercials. These commercials were the "Slice of Life" type, purportedly photographing a cross-section of a big city, and Negroes certainly belonged in the scene. The client always found an excuse to refuse. Then he was warned that the Negro pressure groups would murder him if he didn't comply, so he came up with a brilliant suggestion. He asked the agency to hire two Negro actors as stand-bys for the next commercial. They would never appear on camera, but he imagined that this would satisfy SNCC, CORE, and the NAACP.

Up until last year most clients were attempting to use the same dodge, and very often their advertising agencies were forced to circumvent them with camera tricks. When they photographed a supermarket or street scene they'd make sure to get Negroes in the background.

Apparently the clients had no objection to Negroes appearing in background shots; what they were opposing was Negroes as principals, but this is exactly what the Negro wants.

Last year SNCC and CORE increased the heat, and the clients made their next concession. They reluctantly agreed to the use of Negroes as principals, but insisted that it be strictly in accordance with the percentage of Negro population. Their accountants came down to the agencies and worked it all out on their slide rules. If Negroes make up 10% of the population in an advertising area, then one out of every ten commercials were to contain Negroes, no more, no less.

They were willing to use Negroes, but what kind? The prettiest, whitest-looking Negroes they could find, and the pressure groups hate this. It's often thought that the transformation of "Aunt Caroline" in the rice from a stout, jolly lady into a glamorous Lena Horne is an example of this. It is an example, but that wasn't the sole motive for the change. The Carolina Rice people changed their image because the original suggested that rice was fattening, and that could kill sales. Have you ever noticed that you always see slender models in beer ads and commercials? It's for the same reason.

Whereas the clients are trying to limit Negroes in advertising to their population percentage, the Negro pressure groups are trying to establish another arbitrary rule, that for every 85 white principals used, 15 Negroes must be used. This, of course, is as unrealistic as the clients' rule. The truth is that the battle is obscured by emotionalism on both sides. On the one hand, the client jabbars about sales and marketing as a cover-up for prejudice. On the other hand the Negro refuses to accept the fact that he's in the same boat with Jews and Italians; he has buying power, but he's not a major buying market, yet.

His power comes from the fact that his fight for representation in advertising is linked with the fight for Civil Rights, and the social climate in America is strongly behind him. Industry has met this by making all-Negro



Sleep on the skin-toned tricot. Nothing comes closer to you.



commercials. The pressure groups like this, but they're still fighting for complete integration. Unfortunately the difficulty lies in the fact that they are insisting that TV commercials show non-racial employment in areas where the Negro doesn't logically belong. The Negro actor answers this by arguing that he should not be regarded as a black man, but solely as an actor; if there can be a fat Hamlet, why can't there be a black Hamlet?

But the most crucial battle of today is over the role of the Negro in TV commercials, and it's one that has most of us wavering between sympathy and exasperation. After a century of playing cooks, butlers, and stablehands, fighting with straight razors, turning white at the sight of a ghost and exclaiming, "Feet, do yo duty!" the Negro is fed up with this Oh-Fey image, and so are we all. He refuses to be placed in a subservient position in commercials, but the problem is, exactly what is the definition of subservient? The pressure groups have cut this Gordian knot with an exasperating ukase; the Negro must be the hero.

One commercial had to be scrubbed because it depicted a Negro playing a mechanic to a white racing driver. The groups wanted the Negro to be the winning driver. Another commercial, showing a Negro as a clerk in an elegant jewelry shop, had to be dropped. The groups wanted a white clerk serving a Negro customer. This area has become so sensitive that advertising agencies are hiring Negro experts to advise them on the reaction of SNCC, CORE, and the NAACP to proposed commercials. Hollywood movie companies have established special departments for handling these problems, too, and most Negroes hate the idea.

The complexities that must be solved are becoming almost as hair-splitting as medieval theology. If you have a scene taking place in a movie theater, can it be integrated? The answer baffles understanding. You can show an integrated scene being played on the movie screen, but you can't show an integrated audience. The South will object. Similarly, a commercial supposed to take place at a basketball game could show an integrated

game but not an integrated audience, for the same reason.

That basketball commercial had additional headaches. It was intended to depict the excitement and drama of a player attempting a shot. It didn't make any difference whether he made it or not because the camera was going to cut away from him at the peak of the action to a product shot. SNCC and CORE handed down a stern ruling; if the player attempting the shot was a Negro, he had to be shown succeeding. He had to be a hero. As I say, we sympathize with the action groups, but sometimes you want to knock their heads together.

Perhaps the most exasperating difficulty is one confounding a cigarette commercial in preparation right now. This is a fight scene featuring a knock-down. The audience can't be integrated (the good old South again) so the integration must take place in the ring. The client refused to have both fighters Negro (you also want to knock clients' heads together) so it got down to one Negro and one White fighter, but which one was going to be the hero? If the White knocks the Negro down, the pressure groups will howl. If the Negro knocks the White down, the pressure groups will howl if it looks phony, and it's almost impossible to stage a realistic knockdown for the camera.

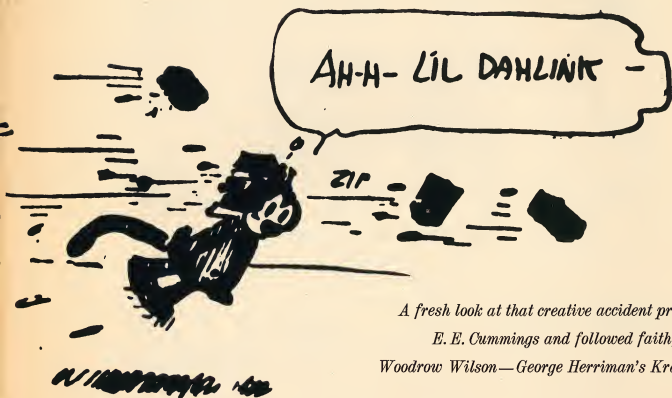
The advertising agency solved the problem by using two white fighters and a Negro referee. After they shot the footage they discovered, to their consternation, that it was impossible to see that the referee was a Negro, so now they're right back where they started from.

Thank God the same is not true of the Negro. His demand for recognition and respect in advertising, and his attempts to superimpose an integration that does not yet exist, although sometimes excessive and unrealistic, will have a tremendous side-effect. It was Oscar Wilde who said that life imitates art, and certainly television has proved that today. If the Negro succeeds in imposing his ideal of equality on commercials, he will make it a reality long before the do-gooders have got beyond the talking stage.



THE GENTLE ART OF BRICK THROWING

by Ron Goulart



A fresh look at that creative accident praised by

E. E. Cummings and followed faithfully by

Woodrow Wilson—George Herriman's Krazy Kat.

In the first panel of the comic strip an open faced, pot bellied cat is sitting in the middle of the desert. The cat says, "I got no figga, no face, no fortune. Nor purse, poise or position." In the next panel the cat is still sitting on the same log but the desert background has shifted. "And yet. He's true by me. Why should I complain?" A scratchy and dissolute mouse appears now behind the cat and lets fly with a large brick. As the brick hits the cat with a pow the cat exclaims, "L'il dahlinsk." In the final scene a large authoritarian bulldog policeman is dragging the mouse off to jail. "Is there anybody," asks the love stunned cat, "in this woil more constint than him?" And the cop replies, "There sure is." This is one day in the lives of this ambiguous trio. The strip is *Krazy Kat* and for over thirty years Krazy, Ignatz Mouse and Officer Pupp concerned themselves with brick throwing. The creator of the Kat was George Herriman, who, by switching the usual cat and mouse relationship and adding a brickbat, produced a complex and cockeyed allegory of love. (continued)

The *Krazy Kat* strip, which flourished from 1911 to 1944, had an ambiguous existence. It was praised by writers like Gilbert Seldes and E. E. Cummings, followed faithfully by Woodrow Wilson, William Randolph Hearst and countless little boys. There were Krazy Kat dolls and animated cartoons and also a Krazy Kat ballet. The strip was reprinted in comic books and written about in *The New Republic*. *Krazy Kat* was called gentle and poetic and lowdown and vulgar. Today *Krazy Kat* has a hallowed, somewhat musty, reputation and it is often spoken of fondly by people who have never even seen it.

Krazy Kat is a wildly eclectic work, a Watts tower of a comic strip. It is the most personal strip ever done, a sort of creative accident that could have happened only to George Herriman. Herriman had a scratchy style that is sometimes shy and delicate, sometimes harsh and forceful. Similarly, his humor was both gentle and raucous. On any given day *Krazy Kat* might not provide you with a laugh at all, but it would give you an odd feeling of pleasure. The individual patchwork world of *Krazy Kat* provided a unique kind of joy. Provided it, that is, for some people. For every reader who joined what Gilbert Seldes called the secret society of Kat admirers there was one who was non-plussed.

For most of its career the strip was set in Coconino County. There is a real Coconino in Arizona. It's Navajo country and the home of the Grand Canyon, the Painted Desert and Monument Valley. John Ford looked at the same landscape and was inspired to make John Wayne movies there. Herriman filled the Kat strip with rocks and mesas, cactus, Joshua trees. He also threw in fire-plugs, lamposts and other urban props. His Coconino was always in flux, his backgrounds shifting from panel to panel. In this restless atmosphere lived Krazy, Ignatz and Officer Pupp. Other inhabitants were Mock Duck, Walter Cephus Austridge, Mrs. Kwakk Wakk, Don Kiyote and Sancho Pansy, Gooseberry Sprig the Duck Duke, Mrs. Ignatz Mouse and the Mouse boys, Milton, Marshall and Irving, and Kollin Kelly the brick dealer.

The lives of the three main characters revolved around the brick. Ignatz lives to throw it, Krazy loves to get hit by it and Officer Pupp is dedicated to stopping the brick. Ignatz Mouse has the single-mindedness of an alcoholic, a war hawk, a rapist. Ignatz haunts the brick yard of Kollin Kelly, spends a good part of his income on bricks. When he's broke or when Kelly is out of bricks Ignatz becomes desperate. He has on occasion tried to make his own bricks, even looking into the possibility of buying his own brick works. If bricks are absolutely unobtainable he'll substitute and he has creased the Kat's bean with cobblestones, snowballs, boards, watermelons, bath tubs and grandfather clocks. Ignatz is a master tactician and he's capable of setting up elaborate plans so that he can get at Krazy with a brick. He will wait all day up a tree for a chance or climb a mountain. Once his wife dragged him away on a vacation and Ignatz found himself several miles away from Krazy with a brick on his hands. By calling on various rat and mouse relatives who were dotted across the desert Ignatz formed a sort of bucket brigade and was able to conk Krazy that way.

Krazy is on to Ignatz and interprets the brick as a token of affection. On being hit by the brick Krazy will exclaim, "Oy, a message of love," or "Li'l ainjil, no matta where I'm at his love will find me out." Quite early in the story Herriman gave one possible explanation for the mouse-cat relationship. In ancient Egypt Krazy was

the daughter of Kleopatrat Kat and was seen by a noble Roman mouse who falls in love with her. The mouse consults the sage of Karnak, who advises, "They who dwell in ethereal lanes bid me say to you that you must write to her—telling of your love." The mouse rushes out and gets a love message inscribed on a brick and tosses it at the cat. Herriman says, "When the Egyptian day is done it was his Romeonian custom to crease his lady's bean with a brick laden with tender sentiment—and true to his trust he has been faithful—faithful through the ages. Through the tide of dusty years. And so today." Krazy remembers ancient Egypt but it is Ignatz' tragedy that he doesn't.

Krazy is an optimist and, like all cats, curious. He often sings a song that goes, "There is a heppy lend, fur fur away." He is capable of great insights and of great stupidities. He is something of the traditional wise fool and the sacred idiot. He is also a character in a comic strip and able to participate in blackout gags and prat-falls. Herriman reacted to Krazy the same way many people do to cats. He was never sure what sex it was. Krazy was sometimes a female, sometimes male. There are even strips where Krazy starts out she and ends up he. Herriman commented on Krazy often in the strip and once, in an apparently serious mood, he addressed words to the spirit world and described Krazy to them. "Yet be not harsh with 'Krazy'," he wrote. "He is but a shadow himself, caught in the web of this mortal skein. We call him 'cat', we call him 'crazy', yet he is neither. At some time will he ride away to you, people of the twilight. His password will be the echoes of a vesper bell, his coach, a zephyr from the West. Forgive him for you will understand him no better than we who linger on this side of the pale." Which explains Krazy as well as anything.

Officer Pupp began life as a freelance civilian bulldog. After a time he was put on the police force and he eventually became Coconino County's entire law and order. In his early days he sometimes revealed his dog nature openly, when under pressure he would drop to all fours and run. He overcame this at last and took to walking only on his hind legs and radiating a kind of paunchy dignity. Pupp loves Krazy and is in awe of her eccentricities. Though his love is unrequited he spends most of his time around Krazy, his excuse being that he's protecting her from Ignatz. Officer Pupp's obsession doesn't interfere with his police duties since Ignatz is just about the only criminal in Coconino.

Next to the brickbat Herriman's most frequent prop was the one he called the bundle. On the Enchanted Mesa lives Joe Stork, and his preoccupation is the delivering of bundles. He favored dropping a bundle down a chimney. Though Herriman labeled the stork "purveyor of progeny to prince, and proletariat" the higher class citizens of Coconino went to great lengths to avoid the bundle. They hide in storm cellars, kick the stork off their roofs or simply try to outrun him. Once the stork asked the elite of Coconino to adopt a pair of polecats. They all refused and Joe found the twins a home with Krazy. Herriman spelled out the point. "And so 'charity', to whom mammon erects super-temples finds sanctuary in the heart of the proletariat." Joe Stork didn't deal exclusively in progeny. During prohibition he also delivered bootleg booze and on occasion he'd drop a brick off at Ignatz'.

A distinctive feature of the Kat strip is the language. Herriman was developing at a time when there was con-

Krazy Kat

By Herriman

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(continued)

siderable preoccupation with the American language and its variations. George Ade and later Ring Lardner and Damon Runyon experimented with vernacular humor. In comics Tad Dorgan was filling his strips and panels with slang and Harry Herschfeld, to be followed by Milt Gross, was exploring the possibilities of the New York Jewish dialect. In *Krazy Kat* Herriman made use of slang, Yiddish, Victorian rhetoric, Hollywood scenario language, Elizabethan stage dialogue and his own whims. The most complex mixture was in the speech of *Krazy Kat* himself. There you find traces of Dickens, the Bronx, Shakespeare, the Deep South and George Herriman. "Like a flet-iron my heart is warm again for 'Ignatz Mice', 'I'l ainjil,'" says *Krazy* after Ignatz has dumped a hod of hot bricks on him. In explaining Ignatz' soul to Officer Pupp *Krazy* says, "And so, 'O'fissa Pupp', you & me has gotta be werra watchful, & wigilant about his 'ectospasm'. We must keep it from running around the unlimited etha, and from roaming around unfeathered, & loosely—y'understand?" With *Krazy* the traditional ending of a fairy tale comes out, "And so they lived heppy evva evta-wids."

Officer Pupp had originally talked like a stock Irish cop but several years in the hot Coconino sun caused him to develop a 'style of speech that mixed flowery phrases with slang, something similar to that mixture of the high flown and the vernacular that often turns up in a Lyndon Johnson speech. Pupp was capable of flights like, "I have long had much to tell that dear 'Kat'—words my too timid lips could not utter. I will now resort to my good hand and the strength of my powerful 'pen'. I will unveil my heart—a heart too long still—too long silent—too long hidden in the shadows of 'secrecy'." And also, "Better git y'self over to the clink." Ignatz speaks a similar mixture, a blend of stage villain and bawky lowlife. Such as, "I realize the error of my ways, and so, contrite and humble I promise to toss no more 'bricks' at that *Krazy Kat*'s dome." When he is touched, and it's usually music that has a power over him, Ignatz reveals a poetic side. When a guitar player sidetracked him from his mission with the brick he said, "Daw-gunnim! He's sure got me going with his melody. Away 'brick', away with you—that magic harmony has soothed the savage within me. And the sweet pangs of angelhood suffice me."

Though many of the characters spoke like Ignatz and Officer Pupp there were several other styles in Coconino. Mock Duck, the laundryman, spoke a stage Chinese. Don Kiyote flavored his talk with Spanish. Characters speaking a mixture of English and Mexican sometimes strayed across the border and Herriman had a fondness for French and Latin. A life long habit of his was the putting of names and occasional words in quotes. When asked why he admitted he wasn't sure but he thought he probably did it for emphasis.

The *Kat* strip had a number of champions. In 1924 Gilbert Seldes gave it a whole chapter in *The Seven Lively Arts*, calling it one of the highest achievements of American popular arts and ranking Herriman with Chaplin. E. E. Cummings, Robert Warshaw, Stark Young, Thomas Craven and Deems Taylor have all praised the strip. None of its partisans, however, agree on what exactly the strip is about. Some find it a parable of love, others a symbolic presentation of the conflict between the individual and society. A case can be made for interpreting Ignatz' brick throwing and *Krazy*'s reaction to it

as a charade of the sex act. On the other hand, *Krazy Kat* may simply be about a mouse who likes to throw bricks at a cat.

Newspaper readers were often not quite sure what *Krazy* was up to. Or if they thought they had the strip figured out they were certain nobody else did. One woman reader wrote in to a paper and said, "I think '*Krazy Kat*' is wonderful. But I'm sure the subtlety of it is not appreciated by your readers." The editor was quick to point out that this was only a trick of Herriman's, this giving each reader the impression that his appreciation of the joke was unique. While this editor's rationalization may partly explain the *Krazy Kat* cult, the lady reader was worrying about a real problem. It is fairly certain that Herriman's strip was never appreciated by the majority of newspaper subscribers, and compared to other strips it was never much of a success.

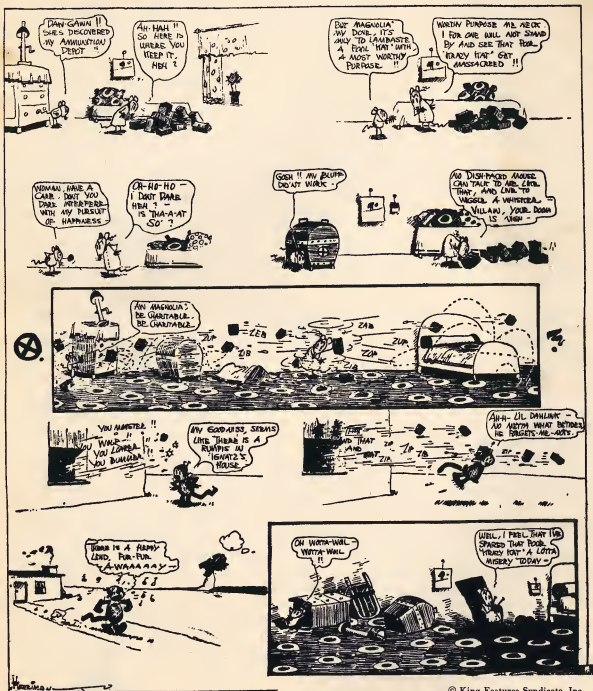
The Gumps appeared in nearly 300 papers, *Bringing Up Father* had 500 and *Blondie* well over a thousand. During this same period *Krazy Kat* had only 48 newspapers in this country. Even today, with dailies folding regularly, a mindless strip like *Beetle Bailey* is sold to one thousand papers. In the early 1930s the top salaried cartoonists were Sidney Smith, the Gump man, George McManus, creator of *Jiggs*, and Mutt & Jeff's Bud Fisher. All of them were earning \$1500 a week or more. Herriman was getting \$750 a week for the *Kat*. Herriman was moved to write to King Features and tell them he thought he was making too much. There were probably syndicate officials who agreed with him. Fortunately William Randolph Hearst was a *Krazy* fan and he had given orders that the feature was to run as long as Herriman wanted to do it.

George Joseph Herriman was born in New Orleans in 1880. His family soon moved to Los Angeles and Herriman later usually referred to LA as his hometown. His father was a baker and when Herriman dropped out of high school he worked for a time in the bakery. He was already addicted to drawing, which his father didn't think much of. "Bread the world must have," Herriman quoted his father as saying, "but art allays neither hunger nor thirst. Nobody ever sees art wagons on the highways, but just look at the bread busses and bun wagons." Nevertheless Herriman persisted. He got himself a job in the engraving department of a Los Angeles newspaper. Just after the turn of the century he married. In 1901 he and his wife made the move to New York and Herriman began his assault on the cartoon markets.

Herriman started selling to *Judge* and *Life* and he did political and sports cartoons for the *New York News* and *The World*. He was able to find some papers that would let him do comic strips as well. Among his early papers were *Lariat Pete*, *Bud Smith* and *Major Ozone*. These works looked pretty much like all the other comics being done in the first decade of the century. About 1908 the Hearst organization caught Herriman and he went to work in the comic art department of the *New York Journal*.

Working on the *Journal* when Herriman joined up were some of the best, and most popular, cartoonists that Hearst could buy. There was Thomas A. Dorgan, better known as TAD, sports artist and comic strip man. Tad coined and promoted an incredible amount of slang. He was to become one of George Herriman's closest friends. Harry Herschfeld, later a renowned joke teller, was doing his *Abie the Agent* for Hearst then. Winsor

Krazy Kat By Herriman



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(continued)

McKay, who had created *Little Nemo* and, in his spare time, the first American animated cartoon, was doing editorials. And there was Gus Mager, now forgotten, who drew *Hawkshaw the Detective*. It was Mager's habit to add an "o" to the names of most of his characters: Henpecko, Nervo, Sherlocko. It was this custom of his that inspired the names of the Marx Brothers. Tom McNamara, who was also to be a long time friend, was doing a strip called *Us Boys*. Hardly anyone remembers *Us Boys* now but under another name McNamara's kids persist. When he took them to Hollywood they became *Our Gang*.

Herriman was a small dapper man with grey eyes and large feet. He was annoyed by the fact that he had curly hair and he kept his hat on almost all the time. Around the comic art department he was known as Handsome George and The Greek, the latter short for Greek God. Tad liked to call him Garge, claiming this was the way Herriman pronounced his first name. In the years before World War I the cartooning profession was not considered too honorable and the *Journal's* comic artists associated with members of similar outcast fields, chiefly actors and sports people. The saloon that Tad most often frequented was Jack's at Sixth and 43rd. After one shared visit there Herriman returned to his drawing board considerably under the influence of Jack's nickel beers. His associates put him to sleep on top of a filing cabinet and covered him with newspapers. They ghosted his strips for the day and when the editor looked in they had just about convinced him that all was well. Then Herriman came awake and sat up.

Tad seems frequently to have led Herriman astray. When ex-heavyweight champ Bob Fitzsimmons took to the Broadway stage Tad talked Herriman into attending a matinee with him. In the show Fitzsimmons played a heroic blacksmith who, after saving the pure heroine from wild animals and other threats, then dropped in to tea. The bald Fitzsimmons had to use a wig to play the hero and while they were visiting him during intermission Tad distracted the ex-champ while Herriman swiped the wig. Though he was new to the theater Fitzsimmons was aware that the show must go on. He played the next act, set in a drawing room, with his hat on.

Krazy Kat was born during the years that Herriman was working on the *Journal*. The Kat first appeared in a strip called *The Dingbat Family*. Eventually a mouse showed up and a reverse cat and mouse game began to take place underfoot in the Dingbat saga. Krazy and Ignatz began to appear in a small separate strip under the Dingbats. By 1911 there was a separate strip devoted to them. The early cat and mouse encounters were fairly simple and at that time Krazy didn't enjoy the brick at all. Gradually Ignatz and Krazy took to holding conversations and a Mutt & Jeff relationship developed. For several years *Krazy Kat* was only a Herriman sideline. Most of his effort went into the Dingbat adventures. The family lasted until 1916 and about that time Herriman moved Krazy and Ignatz to Coconino and *Krazy Kat* had just about achieved its ultimate form.

Later in his career Herriman became associated with another famous and ambiguous cat. He was picked to illustrate Don Marquis' books about Mehitabel and Archy, the cockroach poet. The creators of America's two best known cats never met. Somebody at Doubleday got the idea that Herriman would be well suited to decorate the adventures of Archy and Mehitabel. Marquis

had no objection and so Herriman was contacted.

Herriman grew restless in New York. Finally in 1922 he and his wife and their two daughters, Barbara and Mabel, moved West to Los Angeles. Just before leaving, Herriman participated in one of the more curious events of the 1922 theater season. This was the Krazy Kat ballet. Composer John Alden Carpenter had become fascinated with the Kat strip and he wrote music for a seven minute jazz pantomime. Herriman contributed the story line and the scenery. The backdrops were on rollers and changed every two or three minutes. The ballet was performed at Town Hall in January with Adolph Bolm, dressed up in a black cat suit, in the role of Krazy. With the exception of Deems Taylor, the critics didn't think much of the work.

Only once more did Herriman return to New York. That was in 1924 when he and Tom McNamara drove there from Hollywood. In the 20s, before freeways and turnpikes, a cross country drive was a first rate adventure. Herriman and McNamara traveled by way of Coconino and the whole trip took several months. Eventually Herriman and his family settled in a pink stucco Spanish style house on Maravilla Drive in Hollywood.

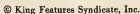
The desert still fascinated him and Herriman made occasional trips there, taking a drawing board and turning out *Krazy Kat* in a tent. He usually traveled with James Swinnerton, another Hearst comic artist and the man who years before had introduced Herriman to the Arizona Navajo country. Herriman admired the Navajo people and hoped to be reincarnated as an Indian. He once said he wanted to end his life on a high mesa, lying in the sun until he shriveled up and was carried away on the wind.

He loved scottie dogs and there were always a couple at the Hollywood house. Herriman tried painting but was never confident about his work. He painted pictures on quite a few available surfaces, including table tops and garage doors. He tried modeling in clay, and, after a visit from Herriman, his friends were likely to find small odd clay figures perched on mantelpieces or behind table lamps. He felt that lying flat on his back helped him think. Another stimulus was dish washing. Even when he was a dinner guest Herriman would sometimes vanish, to turn up in the kitchen next to the sink.

In the mid 1930s Herriman's wife died as the result of an auto accident. He lived from then on with his daughter, Mabel, whom he called Toodles. In 1938 he spent ten weeks in the hospital and was unable to keep drawing the strip. King Features reran old Kat episodes. "The public doesn't know the difference," Herriman told a friend. "Nor care." Sometime in the early forties Herriman learned that he had sclerosis and that it would eventually kill him. He accepted this and continued drawing *Krazy Kat*. On April 25, 1944, he died. He had penciled a final week of *Krazy Kat* strips but didn't get around to inking them in.



By Herriman







FREAKS

From legend into flesh and blood.

by Gahan Wilson

THERE aren't many freak shows now, and it's a good bet that in twenty years or so there won't be any left at all. The most encouraging reason for this is that it's probably begun to dawn on the general public, namely us, that we are all, each in our own inimitable way, freaks.

The professionals have known this little secret for a long, long time. One of the leading freak entrepreneurs of all time, Clyde Ingalls, has gone on record with the following revealing statement:

"Freaks are everywhere. I would guarantee to get together one of the biggest and best side shows the world has ever seen by just walking through the streets of your town for a few hours and picking them out. Freaks are what you make them. Take any peculiar looking person whose familiarity to those around him makes for acceptance, play up that peculiarity and add a good spiel, and you have a good attraction." *(continued)*



Much, sometimes all, of the freak's freakishness is determined by the attitude of the freak watcher. A man who observes a Siamese twin clinically, pondering on the complexities of cellular fission, is not going to see the same Siamese twin that a small, open-mouthed boy will see. The small boy will view the Siamese twin through the shimmering, distorting, glorifying mists of myth and superstition. Like the Chinaman of long ago who saw a crocodile or a fat snake and created from the experience the wonderful legend of the dragon, the small boy will carry away with him the recollection of the strangest, most marvelous Siamese twin who ever walked the face of the Earth. The clinician, lacking awe, confusion, and the love of magic, will only remember a perfectly ordinary Siamese twin.

Another aptitude which is a must for successful freak show viewing is the ability to overlook, or, better, to enjoy, an atmosphere of shoddiness. We do not like things to be shoddy, nowadays. We like them to be slick, neatly arranged, and we prefer them antiseptic. The most successful restaurants are not those which serve the best food so much as those which serve it tidily, with lots of disposable plastic containers in evidence. The television shows which get the highest ratings are those which are cleanly and simply structured. They are always predictable. There are no loose ends. Shoddiness is, on the other hand, a child of chaos. It is full of surprises, and it is hairy with loose ends.

The average freak show is not a particularly sanitary place. It is hot and badly ventilated, and the customers sweat and they are spotted, stained and sticky from having gorged themselves on hot dogs, deep fried mysteries, and cotton candy. There are comfortable, unorganized odors emanating from the livestock tent nearby. The freaks themselves are close, immediate presences. It's easy to see whether or not their fingernails are clean, and if they shaved that day. Unlike the tiny, black and white ghosts who smile and smile on the panel shows, the freaks are really there. You can even touch the giant, if you buy his ring.

The last vital knack, and doubtless the most important one, is to be able to relish humbuggery. You must be amused, not offended, when the cherry colored cat turns out to be black. I am afraid that a nation which frets so much about mildly misleading packaging in its supermarkets is in great danger of losing its relish of the gentle gull. If the humbug is treated seriously, it turns from an amusing prank into a crime, which is a pity.

It's impossible to say when people started going out of their way to see a freak. Our legends, with their sphinxes and minotaurs, abound in wonders and monstrosities, and there have been any number of temples dedicated to creatures which would have been the answer to a carney's prayer. Then there were always fire walking fakirs and levitating monks. It's obvious that mankind's fascination with strange beings has strong religious overtones.

The first money-making freak shows in England were held in the thirteenth century, and had religious overtones aplenty. One claimed to have the bones of no less than Adam and Eve on display. Theologians should be

fascinated to learn they measured one hundred and ten feet in length. Another show had acquired, doubtless at great expense, the remnants of the very apple which the unfortunate pair mentioned above had so rashly eaten. A third, and my particular favorite, had, alive and squirming, the actual serpent himself.

The man responsible for what ultimately became the first really professional freak show was himself a freak. He was a dwarf, a court jester for Henry the First of England. His name seems to have become a bit fogged in its trip through history. Some authorities claim it was Reher, others maintain it was Rayner. Whatever his name was, he must have amused the king exceedingly well for he was appointed an abbot and given a grant of land in Smithfield, a suburb of London.

Those who had their doubts about the wisdom of making a court jester into an abbot must have admitted in the end that their monarch had chosen well, for Reher/Rayner turned out to be excellent at his new office.

He built a church dedicated to Saint Bartholomew and in order to honor the saint, and incidentally raise a little money for his cause, he established the Saint Bartholomew Fair. It was an instant success and it proved to be durable. Long after Reher or Rayner or whatever passed to his reward, the Saint Bartholomew Fair thrived on, its religious overtones becoming dimmer and dimmer as the years rolled by. Here is a quote from the *London Spy* of the 1800's which gives a tantalizing glimpse of the entertainments provided:

"There was an abundance of shows to gratify the English public: wild beasts, learned pigs, dwarfs, giants, prodigious monsters having one head and two distinct bodies, and an admirable work of nature in the form of a woman having three breasts."

From this description it is more than safe to draw the conclusion that the freak show as an entertainment form had definitely arrived. What it needed now was a towering genius to shape it and firm it and turn the display of the grotesque and peculiar into an art. It needed a veritable Napoleon of the humbug. It got him.

Phineas Taylor Barnum was born on July the fifth, 1810, on the heels of our great national holiday. The fire crackers and rockets of the Fourth were appropriate omens for the arrival of this delightful man, for his whole life shone with sparklers and was richly punctuated with Roman candle bursts. There was also not just a little smell of the brimstone about it.

Barnum was a Connecticut Yankee, brought up in an atmosphere of cleverly rigged general stores, and teed off on the New England tradition of the practical joke. His unlovely name, Phineas, was tacked onto him because his grandfather, Phineas Taylor, told Barnum's parents he would give their son a rich piece of real estate named Ivy Island if they would name the boy after him. They did, and, true to his word, the old man deeded Ivy Island over to the newly christened Phineas Taylor Barnum. It was, of course, a bug-ridden, utterly useless bog.

P.T. got his first real start when he heard of a Negro slave named Joice Heth who, it was claimed, had reached

the age of one hundred and sixty years, and who, again it was claimed, had been the nurse to none other than the father of our country, George Washington. We shall never know if Barnum truly believed these claims, but we do know he believed she'd be a good investment, for he bought her for one thousand dollars and put her on display in New York City.

Apparently Joice was born for show business, because she took to it with gusto. She spoke of "dear little George" often, and explained how she had been the first person to put clothes on the future General. She sang hymns, when the mood took her, and discussed Baptist theology with the customers. She also brought in an average of fifteen hundred dollars a week.

After Barnum felt he had got about as much from the New York public as could be reasonably expected, he took Joice on a long and successful tour. When, in Boston, he detected a waning interest in the show, he planted anonymous letters in various newspapers which claimed that Miss Heth was not a woman at all, but a contraption made up of India rubber, whalebone, and hidden springs, and that its voice was provided by P.T. Barnum, ventriloquist. Naturally everybody paid to come back for a second look to see if they could detect the fraud.

Barnum used the profit from all this to become a partner in a circus, and then sank the profit from that into a circus of his own which he abandoned when it turned out to be only mildly successful. He drifted from one enterprise to another, including the job of managing a failing factory which turned out a bear grease product guaranteed to grow hair on bald heads, but fortune withheld her true smile until Barnum's attention was drawn to Scudder's American Museum, a New York establishment located on Broadway.

This edifice contained a quantity of curiosities "natural, theatrical, and unnatural." It had fallen on hard times, and was even facing possible demolition, but Barnum, putting up Ivy Island as security, signed a ten year lease for the place. He changed its name to Barnum's American Museum, and changed the museum into a legend.

After a few false starts, such as a replica of Niagara Falls which tended to disappoint the ticket holders when they discovered it stood less than twenty inches high, Barnum came across something that really lit him up.

In itself, it wasn't much to look at, although you certainly wouldn't want to come across it unexpectedly in your bedroom bureau. The top part of it was a dried-up monkey, and the lower part was a dried-up fish. Although it was very cleverly joined, only a nit would have believed the thing was, as Barnum swore he did, a mermaid. That is nobody would have believed it before P.T. launched what must stand as one of the all-time masterpieces of brainwashing the general public.

It was announced in the press that a distinguished Dr. Griffin of the London Lyceum of Natural History was visiting the United States. It was further announced that the good Doctor had in his possession a remarkable curiosity, a preserved mermaid which had been captured by intrepid fishermen of the Fiji Islands. Dr. Griffin's trav-



els up the Eastern Coast of the United States toward New York were given wide coverage by all the journals, for the Doctor seemed to have an almost professional knack of leaking tantalizing dribblets of news. On several occasions he gave various dignitaries and reporters glimpses of his exotic mummy, and his theories on biology made fascinating reading. His basic thesis was that all animals formed "connecting links in the great chain of Animated Nature." It's interesting to note that all this took place almost twenty years before Darwin had published his *Origin of Species*.

By the time Dr. Griffin and his mermaid reached New York, the suspense had become almost unbearable. There was hardly a man, woman or child who did not burn to hear this learned man and to see his astonishing specimen. You can imagine the universal delight when it was announced that, by some miracle of negotiation, the American Museum had arranged for them to appear on public exhibition. People flocked in droves to see the Doctor and what was now billed as THE FEEJEE MERMAID, while that benign sponsor of the public education, Phineas Taylor Barnum, presided contentedly over the cashbox.

Actually it had not been overly difficult for P.T. to hire the Doctor's services. He had been in his employ all along, and had been for years under his real name: Levi Lyman. From all reports, Mr. Lyman was a very distinguished-appearing man and made an impressive Doctor, indeed. In the past he had, under yet another name, done great services in helping to authenticate Joice Heth's

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claims. The Barnums of this world need the Lymans of this world, and this world needs the likes of both of them.

The freak who lifted Barnum from local fame to international celebrity was born under the name of Charles S. Stratton. When Barnum came across him, Stratton was a blond, blue-eyed, attractive child who, at five years, stood only an inch over two feet tall. He was at the same time the smallest and the most appealing midget the showman had ever seen. Barnum began to build carefully on this promising base.

He raised the little fellow's age to eleven, changed his announced nationality from American to British, taught him a quantity of reliable jokes and routines, and gave him the inspired name of General Tom Thumb.

The General proved an immediate success. His imitation of Napoleon, his sailor's hornpipe and Scottish reel, and his songs and witty sayings delighted all of the thousands who crowded in to see him. Barnum knew when he had a really good thing, and he knew he had a beauty in the General. He pondered hard and long on how best to fully employ the tiny man's talents to both their advantages. The answer was a particularly pure piece of Barnum brass: he would introduce Tom Thumb, and incidentally himself, to all the crowned heads of Europe.

He did it, and it could not have been done much better. Outside of Queen Victoria's poodle, who tried to bite him, Tom Thumb made himself beloved by everyone in the British Court, and they lavished gifts on him and slipped Barnum little, discreet bags of gold. It was the

same in France where, as *le General Tom Pouce*, he became King Louis Philippe's favorite. It happened again in Spain with Queen Isabella, and in Belgium, with King Leopold. Barnum's midget had become the most famous and the most lauded little man in history.

Barnum and Tom Thumb continued their association for several years, and then the General decided to tour on his own. P.T. looked around for a replacement and found it in the person of a twenty-nine-inch-high gentleman named George Washington Morrison Nutt. Good midgets had become expensive, due mainly to Barnum's brilliant exploitations, and it cost the showman thirty thousand dollars to secure him under a three year contract. Following the military tradition he'd established, Barnum labeled his new find Commodore Nutt, and launched his career as an American Museum display. He was nowhere near as fabulously successful as the General, but he did bring in a very satisfying number of customers. At one point Barnum took him to Washington where he introduced him to Lincoln. The idea of our tallest President chatting with the little Commodore is a charming one. It would have been nice if Brady had been there to photograph the meeting.

About this time Barnum discovered another midget, and this one was a woman. Her name was Lavinia Warren, and she must have been a brave little person, for she'd had the guts to become a school teacher, a very demanding job even at full growth. She was pretty and intelligent, and in a short time Commodore Nutt had fallen hopelessly in love with her.

Although Miss Warren looked upon Nutt merely as a "nice boy," he stoutly launched a campaign to win the lady's heart. It was hardly started before disaster struck in the person of General Tom Thumb.

The General had come to the museum to visit his old friend Barnum, and when he saw Lavinia he knew almost at once that she was "the most charming little lady I ever saw, and I believe she was created on purpose to be my wife!" He began a whirlwind courtship which made the Commodore's attempts look very feeble. Nutt knew he was outclassed from the start and when he lost his head and laid out the General on his dressing room floor with a blow of his minute fist, he was well aware that he hadn't helped his cause at all. It was only a matter of time before the General popped the question and Lavinia blushing accepted.

The wedding was a fabulous affair involving millionaires, congressmen, governors, and all species of notables. Barnum got their now entwined careers off to a roaring start. They toured the world, East and West, and earned many thousands of dollars. Unfortunately, the General developed an incredible skill for spending almost any amount of money, leaning to collecting stables of ponies and fleets of yachts, and so by the time he died at forty-five, he left his wife only fairly well off. She married a Count Primo Magri, who was an Italian dwarf, and, until her death at the age of seventy-seven years, the two of them ran a small general store in Middleboro, Massachusetts.

It would be impossible to list all the freaks associated with Barnum's career, or to properly estimate the effect his off-beat genius has had on all exhibiting freaks from his time to the present. A man who, almost in passing, gave us Jo-Jo The Dog Faced Boy, Colonel Fremont's Woolly Horse, The Uncrackable Cardiff Giant, Vantille Mack The Giant Baby, and Josephine Clofullia The Bearded Lady, is one who must inspire awe, admiration, and, mostly, warm affection.



Two of the most colorful figures in the history of the business made up one of its most famous acts. They were named Chang and Eng, and together they formed the Siamese Twins. Unlike all Siamese twins who have come after them, Chang and Eng actually were Siamese. They were lean, thoughtful-looking types, and they were joined together by a band of flesh which extended from their mid-chests and which was, as London's leading doctors pronounced, a kind of common navel. Their lives were also, in some mysterious way, involved together in their workings. There are some varieties of Siamese twins who can be separated by modern surgical techniques, but Chang and Eng were clearly not of that type. For good or ill, they were fated to make the best or worst of spending their entire lives as half of one complete being.

In the main, they seem to have done a remarkably good job of it. They were active men, enjoying swimming and horseback riding and, on one occasion at least, they

came out winners in a brawl. One interesting accomplishment of theirs was to chop wood in great quantities and at a rapid pace, Chang chopping to the left and Eng chopping to the right. They employed this knack, together with their general skill in carpentry, to build a church for their local community.

There were a good many bizarre props associated with their daily lives, the drollest of which was, perhaps, an immense watch chain which stretched across their fronts with their collection of lodge keys dangling from it. Another peculiar item was a double chair they employed when sitting in contemplation of an evening before a roaring fire.

They took the name Bunker (just why, it's difficult to say), settled down in North Carolina, and married two sisters named Adelaide and Sarah Yates. They would spend three days in Adelaide's house, and the next three days in Sarah's, thus establishing two separate matrimonial nests. The arrangement appears to have been a happy one, for the happy couples begat, in all, twenty-two children. Some of these offspring rose to considerable heights in society, one actually became a president of the Union Pacific Railroad.

What with their highly successful careers as exhibiting freaks and a less publicized, but thriving, business of preserving duck eggs for the American-Oriental grocery store trade, Chang and Eng became affluent, public-spirited members of their area, much respected by one and all.

The only flaw in all this, as might be expected, lay in the divergence of character traits in the two men. Whereas Eng was apparently an easy-going, optimistic type, Chang tended to brood, and would now and then mutter about the darker side of life. Perhaps this was because he made up the left side of the twosome. Also, Chang was not above having a little drop of strong waters on occasion, and this distressed Eng greatly because he was a strict teetotaler. Not only did he get drunk when Chang drank, but he was forced to suffer through the consequent hangovers. It must have strained his cheerful nature considerably.

At the age of sixty-one, Chang suffered a stroke. His health failed badly, he became quite deaf, and his tendency to melancholy increased dramatically. He ignored all of Eng's pleas to take better care of himself, and deteriorated rapidly. One morning Eng awakened, feeling very odd. He called one of his sons into the bedroom. The boy entered and, after examining Eng's brother, said: "Uncle Chang is dead." Shortly after that, with his family gathered about him, Eng rejoined Chang.

Outside of the classic Siamese twin formation, where you have two complete individuals joined together, there are any number of variations and combinations wherein only part of the other twin has a chance to develop. The three-legged man is an example of this aberration. Probably the oddest and most extreme of these ever to put herself on exhibition was a girl named Betty Lou Williams of Albany, Georgia. Betty Lou had one head, two bodies, three arms, and four legs.

The type of freak who creates the greatest awe in the bosom of the paying public must definitely be the giant. One look at that great being seated pensively on the platform, and images of all the ogres of history stir and stalk in the collective unconscious of the assembled ticket-holders. From Bible to Beowulf and beyond, the fiercest villains who have threatened heroes are those who have loomed high above them, threatening awful dismemberment and death with the power of their terribly huge hands. It's small wonder giants cause children to hold their father's fingers a little tighter, and cause their fathers to surreptitiously gulp.

Actually, giants are probably the gentlest of all the freaks. They have a reputation for kindness and consideration, and their general philosophy tends toward an almost melancholy kind of thoughtfulness. These Gullivers are constantly being inconvenienced by our Lilliputian world. There are myriads of publicity pictures showing the poor creatures lying on two hotel beds put together, or cramming themselves into tiny restaurant booths, always, you'll note, wearing pensive, little smiles, probably hoping they won't inadvertently break some part of our fragile living apparatus.

One of the most famous giants in the history of the freak show business was born Martin Van Buren Bates in Lester County, Kentucky. He was an intelligent man, and more than ordinarily intelligent. When the misfortune of the Civil War occurred, he joined his army and rose to the rank of Captain. He was, by all accounts, an excellent officer, much admired by all his men.

When the conflict had worn itself to an end, Captain Bates looked about for employment, and since he was only one inch under eight feet and weighed all of five hundred and twenty pounds, it is not surprising that he ended up on exhibition as a freak. The combination of his great size and gentle gravity pleased everyone, and he became a steady success.

There was, at this time, another huge person who was enjoying even more success as an attraction. She was a woman, and she was an attractive one for all her size. Thus she had not only bigness but beauty as a draw. Her name was Anna Shannon Swan, and she came from Nova Scotia. Like Captain Bates, she was a gentle being, and had an appealing dignity. It was inevitable that the Captain and this lady should meet, and they did, and after a quiet courtship, they were married.

They had each made an interesting attraction alone, but together they were an irresistible display. They toured the country and Europe, drawing huge crowds wherever they went. Queen Victoria, who seems to have been remarkably fond of freaks, gave them each a gold watch as big as a small pie. The general public gave them a fortune.

Anna and the Captain retired to quiet domesticity. They built a gigantic house with rooms fourteen feet high and furnished accordingly. They purchased a huge coach drawn by huge horses. Even their china and silverware were in scale. They prepared to live out their lives in tranquility and contentment.

They had a child, a boy, who weighed eighteen pounds at birth. He died in infancy. Then they had a girl. She

weighed twenty-four pounds at birth and she, too, died in infancy. Anna and the Captain lived on alone together in the huge house for several more years, and then Anna herself died, leaving the Captain alone.

He built a statue of Anna over her grave. The statue stood twenty feet high, and he came to it often, riding in the enormous coach, bringing her flowers.

In the saga of the Captain and his Anna, the tragedy of their situation is clear and classic. It is, if anything, enhanced by their size. It calls to mind the stories of titans and lonely Greek gods. Their hugeness does not diminish the size of their sorrow. But supposing you were another kind of freak. Supposing you were a fat lady.

"Baby Ruth" Pontico was the child of a Ringling Brothers fat lady. She weighed sixteen pounds at birth, and by the age of one year she had achieved fifty pounds. When her mother died, at seven hundred and twenty pounds, "Baby Ruth" had accumulated all of six hundred pounds.

She had been exhibiting with her mother, but now she decided to retire. At the cost of God knows what fortitude and determination, she shed two hundred pounds. Any weight watcher in the readership will feel a sympathetic twinge when they learn that this heroic effort merely backfired, as such efforts so often do, and left "Baby Ruth" back in the business as an exhibiting freak weighing an awful seven hundred and fifty-seven pounds.

In spite of all this she was a cheery soul, or, more probably, a brave one. She was beloved by all who knew her, and held in high esteem in the trade. Billed as "The Greatest Human Mammal on Earth," she achieved considerable fame and some fortune. Having now conquered the great world, "Baby Ruth" became nostalgic and decided to visit the scenes of her youth. She arranged a little trip to her girlhood home in Muncie, Indiana, where her sister still lived.

There is some inconvenience for all of us in the processes of travel, but for someone with the girth and weight of a "Baby Ruth," the tribulations become bizarre. An ordinary railroad car would not do for the journey as she could not have squeezed through its entrances, much less sat on its chairs, so a baggage car was arranged for, and she entered its broad, sliding door by means of a specially constructed ramp.

The ramp was employed again to get her to ground level once she had reached Muncie, and again to get her onto a piano mover's van which stood by just for this special occasion. In no time at all they had her placed in front of her sister's house.

So far everything seemed to be going well, if a trifle grotesquely, but when "Baby Ruth" began to cross the porch of the house, which had been constructed with more ordinary mortals in mind, it shuddered under the strain and collapsed. They led her off the flattened structure, and shored it up so successfully that, on the second try, she crossed it with no difficulties at all.

Receiving cries of welcome and congratulations, the Greatest Human Mammal on Earth entered her sister's living room, walked to the center of it, and promptly fell through its floor to the suddenly crowded basement

beneath. Neither the exterior nor the interior of the house seemed to be up to "Baby Ruth's" challenge.

After a lengthy conference, it was decided that the basement stairs would surely fail, and that some other means must be employed to extricate the unfortunate fat lady. In the end, a large hole was cut into the roof and, with the aid of a towering derrick, and to the vast amusement of the crowd of locals which had gathered, "Baby Ruth" was hoisted back to the piano mover's van. Her trip back to the circus could hardly have been a happy one.

When freaks die, they do not loose their freakhood. An attempt to remove some of her great bulk by means of surgery proved too much for "Baby Ruth's" constantly overstrained heart, and so she was interred in a special coffin made up of four ordinary ones, and lowered into her grave with the help of twenty strong men. She was then thirty-five years old, and she weighed eight hundred and fifteen pounds.

It does not seem at all likely that science will lower the number of freaks in the future. If anything, it appears bent on increasing their number with radioactivity, peculiar tranquilizers, and the like. On the other hand, it does seem that our attitude toward them, and toward everything else, has undergone a change which will probably not be reversed.

We have become, in spite of ourselves, a questioning

and skeptical people. The events of the last few decades, and the ever-increasing news coverage of them, have left very few of us able to believe in Rocks of Gibraltar. We have learned that the world and all that's in it is neither solid nor simple. In an era where up and down has become a relative concept instead of a truth, we must be able to live comfortably with constant change, insecurity, and an almost total inability to predict what turn the world and our knowledge of it will take in the future.

The ability to believe in magic, the kind of magic that has to do with dragons and fairies and trolls, cannot survive in such a climate. Pegasus cannot fly in the same sky with Sputnik and Project Mariner. Witches' ointments of baby fat and deadly nightshade pale drastically before the eerie powers of the psychedelics. We have gained a newer, vaster magic, but in the process we have irredeemably lost the old. With it we have lost the freaks, for they dwell in Solomon's Ring along with the imps and sprites and leprechauns. It is no small loss.

But the gain is greater, because with the ending of the spell of this old magic, we can at last see the freaks for what they are, and not for what our fears and hopes made them into. We can see, as Mr. Ingalls and Mr. Barnum saw all along, that we are all freaks, that there is no standard model, but only variations on a theme. We can even carry it a small step further and see that there really are no freaks at all. Only people.



Child Things

Children write to complain that they are bored and life is no fun.

"What can we do?" they ask. The following list of things for children to do is based on a survey of things their parents did when they were children.

1. Skate all over town looking for empty cigarette packages in the gutters. Take the silver foil out of the packages and roll it into a ball.  When the ball is about the size of a baseball, take it to a junkman and sell it for 10 cents. With the 10 cents, go see a double feature starring Tom Mix and Richard Dix.

2. Nail some burlap grain sacks to an apple tree to form a tent. Peg the ends down with split clothespins. Lie down in the tent and pretend to be Laughing Boy. If short on imagination, climb the apple tree and swing from  a limb shouting, "Me Tarzan!"

3. Snitch a copy of the "Police Gazette" from the barber shop and read it  behind the wooden fence in the alley. Afterward, go to the delicatessen corner and trade it for a "Spicy Detective" or a "Doc Savage."

4. Catch a toad—they come out from under the porch after sundown —and threaten to give warts to your sister and best friend by touching them with the toad.

5. Get a board four feet long and an orange crate. Nail the crate, upended, on one end of the board and nail skate wheels under the board at either end. Get on and race  along the sidewalk pretending to be Colonel Roscoe Turner or Barney Oldfield.

6. Get your friends together under the bandstand at the Sunday school picnic  and share a pack of Wings.

7. Go to the house of a rich uncle who owns a radio with a headset and get him to repeat back the jokes on "Amos 'n' Andy." If unable to find a headset radio, turn on a  table radio and worry about whether Doctor Huer will arrive on time to save Buddy and Wilma from Killer Kane and Ardala.

8. Watch an N.R.A. parade. 

9. Learn all the songs on The Hit Parade, from "When the Moon Comes Over the Mountain" to "The Isle of Capri," and,



after dusk, sit on the bread box outside the grocery and sing them while twirling a key chain five feet long.

10. With several other friends, seize the new kid in the neighborhood and give him a Dutch rub. To give a Dutch rub, make a fist and rub the knuckles vigorously over the kid's scalp.

11. Get up a game of pinochle on the front stoop.

12. Pick a dozen dandelions. Split the stems. Put them in a bowl of water and see  which one curls tightest.

13. Go up to the hayloft door and look all around the countryside until you see the smoke from a threshing-machine steam engine. Go to wherever they are threshing wheat and offer to carry water for the boiler until you have earned fifty cents. Practice talking tough while flipping  the fifty-cent piece into the air and catching it without looking, like George Raft in "Scarface."

14. At night, when the parents let you go out, sit on a dark corner with some other kids and get up a discussion about, supposing we're all, right now, living on different  worlds and don't realize it, but only think we're sitting here together. Afterward, practice trucking and the shag.

15. Get up a bet on whether Joe Louis could lick Jack Dempsey or whether  Joe DiMaggio is better than Babe Ruth.

16. Learn to imitate Edward G. Robinson, Tonto, Mae West, Jeanette MacDonald, The Green Hornet's car, The Shadow's laugh, Errol Flynn's smile in "Captain Blood,"  James Cagney going to the electric chair and Clark Gable playing Blackie Norton in "San Francisco."

These are just a few of the zillions of things for children to do. There are blowing bubbles and making mud pies and catching snakes  and putting your ear to the rail to see if any trains are coming and smelling honeysuckle and sneak-reading "Dracula" in the library and giving pink-bellies to kids who don't like Roosevelt and going around with your jaw stuck out like Mussolini  and pretending you're the greatest ace of the Lafayette Escadrille, and on and on.

There are a lot of things, of course, that children shouldn't do. Of all these, the saddest is asking grown-ups, "What can I do?"

by
**Russell
Baker**



THE LOVELY LOST LANDSCAPES

On July 14, 1965, Mariner IV approached to within 6,000 miles of Mars and the last vision of an exotic world slipped into limbo.

SOME time ago, a planetary probe yclept Mariner IV passed in the neighborhood of Mars and violated the chasteness of our sister planet with a series of twenty-one photographs. The veil of distance was ruthlessly torn away and the scars of Mars were brought plainly out into the open.

No canals. Just pockmarks like those of the Moon. One crater was 75 miles across.

The last vision of an exotic world slipped into limbo and the Solar system grew one additional stage lonelier.

I am a science fiction writer of the present, but my youth dates back to the early 1930's when I was merely

world was a contradiction in terms. What use was a world unless it was inhabited by creatures very much like ourselves? A world uninhabited was a world wasted and such inefficiency was a slur on either God (if one were religious) or on the logical machinery of the universe (if one were not).

Thus, the Greek satirist, Lucian of Samosata, who lived in the 2nd Century, A.D., wrote of an Earthman who visited the Moon, which he found to be inhabited by people who were at war with the people of the Sun over the right to colonize Venus.

Even as late as 1800, the authentically great German-English astronomer, William Herschel, populated the Solar system. He thought that the Sunspots were breaks in the Sun's fiery atmosphere through which one could see the dark inner surface of the Sun itself—a Sun which might be cool, and even inhabited.

In 1901, H. G. Wells, in his "The First Men in the Moon" was still carpeting the Moon with plants. He went on to describe intelligent Moon-men, living underground.

Why underground? Reality had begun to obtrude itself. As soon as telescopic observation of the Moon became a possibility in the 17th Century, it became obvious that the Moon had neither air nor water on it. There were flat dark tracts of the Lunar surface that were named "seas"; seas with beautiful names: "The Sea of Tranquility," "The Sea of Serenity," "The Sea of Dreams."

But, alas, if they were serene and tranquil it was because no breath of air existed to stir them. If they were marked by dreams, they were sad dreams of a

OF LUNA

by Isaac Asimov

a science fiction reader, heir to a romance forever gone. In my days, you see, the Solar system was peopled with mysterious races, gorgeous princesses, lavishly preposterous beasts and monsters, plants of all sorts from dead to intelligent.

It was a Solar system the like of which we shall never see again—and it was science that killed it.

Until modern times, men believed only the Earth was inhabited. Average men, that is. To sophisticates, however, even in ancient times, it seemed clear that the Moon and the Sun were worlds and that the planets might be worlds, too. And, until modern times, an uninhabited

world that wasn't, a dainty vision of a smaller, more delicately-built world. The dream was replaced by the nightmare of seas of dust, ever-silent and ever-unchanging crags, a relentless slow-moving Sun, a relentless freezing-creeping night. Modern science added the never-ending rain of deadly radiation.

Science fiction writers might still write of a populated Moon despite all this, but the heart had gone out of it. To fly directly in the face of science gave science fiction a bad name, and, as writers grew more conscientious, the good name of science fiction grew to be more valued.

Of course, there was the other side of the Moon, the part we never see. What if the Moon were egg-shaped, bulging toward us? Earth's gravity would seize upon this bulge and halt the Moon's rotation, freezing it in place with that bulge facing us. We would see what was, in effect, a huge airless mountain. On the other side, though, in the Moon's rich lowlands, would be air and water, and a population. It was a beautiful idea and there was no way to disprove it, since the other side of the Moon could never be seen from the Earth.

And then, in 1959, the Russians sent Lunik III around the Moon, and pecked at the other side. Gone were the seas, the air, the fleecy clouds; lost was the lovely landscape of Luna. The other side of the Moon was worse than the side that faced us, more mountainous and just as bleak.



Well, then, underground? Like the Moon-men of H. G. Wells? No. Scientists have considered the matter and they advance all sorts of reasons to suppose that, *at most*, there may be some bacteria or equally simple life under the Moon's skin. No more.

And, of course, let's not even mention the Sun. Its outside is 10,000° F. and the Sunspots, despite Herschel, only look black in comparison. They are about 7000° F. at least. What's more, there's no cool interior to the Sun. It gets hotter all the way to the center, which stands at 25,000,000° F.

Yet in the 30's, it wasn't the Moon (and certainly not the Sun) that was the heyday of life. We knew the worst about the Sun and suspected the worst about the Moon.

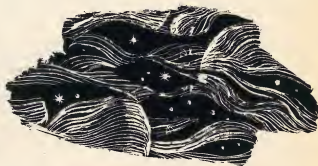
But there was Mars! In the case of Mars, science was on our side!

After all, had not the Italian astronomer, Giovanni V. Schiaparelli, discovered canals on Mars in 1877? Did not legitimate astronomers such as the Frenchman, Camille

Flammarion, and the American, Percival Lowell, insist that such canals could only be built by intelligent beings, and did that not mean that Mars was inhabited by people?

How many science fiction stories centered on Mars! How many lovely princesses in shining metal brassiere cups, some flowing transparent drapery, and very little else, sat astride six-legged steeds, while stalwart Earthmen fought on their behalf with gigantic swords!

Of course, Mars was a smaller world than Earth and had cooled sooner, thus getting an earlier start. Its civilization was far more advanced than ours and also far more decadent. Water was slowly disappearing and the canals had been built as a desperate effort to hold off the



end. The weary old Martians might be facing the inevitable with philosophic equanimity, offering their teachings to the brash youngsters of Earth. Or else, turned evil out of need, they planned to invade the rich, young planet next toward the Sun, killing or enslaving the native population (us!).

How often I thrilled to the machinations of the evil geniuses of Mars and their inevitable frustration by gallant Earthmen!

Or perhaps the Martian civilization had already gone and Earthmen had come and built upon its ruins. The small sun of Mars shone out of a purple, cloudless sky on what was left of the muddy canals, while human archaeologists pored endlessly over the remains of the mysterious dead Martians.

Through the 1940's, Ray Bradbury made a mysterious, pathetic Mars his own in a series of poetry-laden, deliberately non-realistic stories.

Of course, disquieting news kept percolating out of the observatories. The atmosphere of Mars was as thin as the air on top of Mount Everest, or thinner. There was practically no oxygen in what air there was. Many astronomers couldn't see the canals; and besides there was very little water on Mars.

We fought them off. We clung to Mars. It was our best hope. They couldn't take it away from us.

But they did. Oh, they seemed to give in here and there. There definitely *was* water on Mars; the ice-caps that were clearly visible were indeed frozen water (and not solid carbon dioxide or anything heart-breaking like that) but there wasn't much. And the greenish areas on Mars might indeed be plant life—but not jungles, or trees, or even grass. Just, at the most, primitive lichen-like vegetation.

Then came Mariner IV and out the window went the canals altogether. No sign of them. Those astronomers that did see canals were probably seeing irregular lines of craters just at the limits of visibility and the mind drew in straight lines where none existed.

Furthermore, the existence of craters not only showed how little air and water there was, but indicated that the air and water had been sparse indeed for long millions of years.

Princesses? I'll settle for lichens.

How about Venus? It is closer to the Sun, took longer to cool down and so was younger than Earth. In fact, it was obviously a younger world, because its atmosphere was filled with clouds. It had to be a dank, drizzly world, filled with a rankly-growing jungle far more brilliantly riotous than anything the Earth had ever seen.

Stanley G. Weinbaum, in the mid-30's, wrote stories laid on Venus that permanently fixed the picture in my mind. Life, there, was a battle against mold, against rapacious plants, against a madly-growing life that fought a bloody civil war without pause or quarter.

What's more, Venus kept one side eternally to the Sun, though the cloud cover kept the temperature from becoming unbearably high. The dark side of Venus, with its eternal night, had a completely different environment, murky mysterious, with warm air sweeping in from the day side and freezing into mountains of solid oxygen and nitrogen.

So enamored was I of this picture of Venus that in 1954 I wrote a novel about the planet, depicting it as consisting of one large ocean spreading over the entire planet. I peopled that ocean with the weirdest creatures I could imagine, including a large octopus-like thing a mile across.



The best of it, you see, was that we were safe. It was impossible to look beneath the cloud-cover of Venus. We could have this world exactly as we wanted it, and without scientific back-talk.

The astronomers, however, played cat-and-mouse with that cloud-cover itself. It was formaldehyde, theorized one. Gasoline, said a second. Dust, said a third. We were al' on tenterhooks, before they finally settled on water after all.

Then, of course, the astronomers decided there was no oxygen in the atmosphere. (Astronomers *never* find oxygen; do you know that Earth is the only known world with oxygen in its atmosphere?) We argued ourselves

out of taking that seriously. After all scientists could only see the air *above* the clouds; what did they know about what was below?

But then astronomers learned to pick up radio signals from some of the planets, including Venus. The kind of radio signals Venus was sending out could only be sent out by a pretty hot object, one that was about 600° F. in fact. In 1962, the Venus-probe, Mariner II, was sent out and that temperature was confirmed. Venus was *hot*.

Venus was indeed covered with an ocean, as I had predicted in 1954. The only trouble was that the ocean was all in the form of steam. That cloud cover not only indicated that Venus had an ample water supply; it was Venus's *entire* water supply.



What's more, Venus rotates slowly. There is no perpetual night side, and no refuge from the heat. Venus is *all* hot.

Exit Venus. Exit the most beautiful and the most deadly jungle of the Solar system; exit the largest ocean.

There wasn't much hope for Mercury ever. It was too close to the Sun and it kept one side to the Sun at all times and one side away. But what about the "twilight zone" in between? Air could be piped in from the frozen oxygen mountains on the night side.

No go. The astronomers explained that in detail. The orbit of Mercury is quite elliptical. Each revolution it moves in close to the Sun, speeding its flight, then moves away from the Sun, slowing down. As a result, its surface swings like a pendulum so that each side of the so-called "twilight zone" gets 44 days of Sun and 44 days of night. There just isn't any twilight zone.

In 1965, things got worse. It turned out, according to the radar beams bounced off Mercury, that the planet did turn slowly after all. There was no night side, either. Every part of the planet had long periods of sunshine. There was no frozen oxygen anywhere.

Beyond Mars are the giant worlds of the Solar system; Jupiter, Saturn, Uranus and Neptune, sharing among them twenty-eight satellites, five of them quite huge.

In the Thumping Thirties, we peopled them all. I remember Edmond Hamilton's Captain Future stories, which ran through the middle and end of the decade. The first of the series was laid on Jupiter and others involved Saturn. Hamilton saw Saturn as a world of prairies, a gigantic Wild West with enormous herds of cattle. And this was something, for Saturn has a surface area some 80 times as large as that of the Earth.

(continued)

As for the satellites— In my own stories of the late 30's, I had menaces on Ganymede and Callisto, two of Jupiter's moons. Titan, the largest moon of Saturn, was another favorite.

Nor was mere distance of the planet from the Sun a stopper. Hamilton, in 1930, published "The Universe Wreckers" in which the Solar system faced doom as a result of the machinations of the evil inhabitants of Neptune. It was important to the plot that he use the farthest planet from the Sun. Hamilton would have used Pluto, but Pluto wasn't discovered till 1931.



It was a losing fight, however. The outer planets are too cold; their atmospheres are too deep and thick; and besides, the nosy parkers have analyzed it and those atmospheres are irrevocably poisonous. As for the satellites, there is only one on which an atmosphere has been located at all and that one is Titan. It has a thin blanket of air, but—you guessed it—it's poisonous.

Half-heartedly, some astronomers speculate that the temperature on Jupiter might be higher than we think, might even be high enough to be comfortable—if you like breathing poison. Besides, they now think that the outer planets are almost entirely hydrogen; hydrogen gas in the atmosphere; hydrogen liquid below; metallic solid hydrogen at the center.

What else is there? Comets?

Jules Verne in one of his novels had a comet strike the Earth a glancing blow and carry off some Earthmen, who live upon the comet, more or less comfortably, for a considerable length of time. There was even an ocean on the comet.

But comets, we now know, are merely enormous volumes of gas and dust surrounding an asteroid-sized object that is a mass of pebbles and various "ices."

Science has not even had the grace to keep its fingers off Earth itself. Little by little, as exploration proceeded, the lost tribes and hidden civilizations vanished. Atlantis departed for good; darkest Africa yielded no "She"; and highest Tibet no "Shangri-La." No one has discovered anything but miserable primitives in the dank vastness of Amazonia, and the vast southern continent shrank into a desert Australia peopled by aborigines and an ice-bound Antarctica peopled by nobody.

Across the last horizon of Earth, romance fades wistfully.

And Earth's interior? What lies there? Interest in the bottomless caverns within the Earth dates back to the

Iliad at least. No mythical Greek hero was any good at all if he didn't invade the Underworld. Theseus did it. Hercules did it. Odysseus did it. The Romans copied and let Aeneas do the same.

Modern writers had their Underground as well. Jules Verne led three men deep into the bowels of the Earth in his *A Journey to the Center of the Earth*. There they found hidden oceans, giant reptiles of the Mesozoic age, a giant primitive man guarding a herd of tame mastodons.

Later on, Edgar Rice Burroughs wrote a series of books about Pellucidar (the land within Earth's hollow interior) lit by the radioactive core at Earth's very center.

But even that innocent sport was taken away. By measuring the Earth's density, by studying earthquake waves and in a dozen other meddlesome ways, geologists have become quite convinced that the Earth is absolutely solid. It is not hollow, and it cannot even have caves that penetrate downward more than a couple of miles or so.

Where, then, does that leave us? Nowhere in the Solar system, except on Earth's surface, has any place been made safe for humanity. Nowhere may we expect to find cousins, kindly mentors, dangerous enemies. We are alone!



Not quite alone, though.

Scientists now believe that most stars have attendant planets; that among those planets there are bound to be some which are very much like Earth in size and temperature. Such Earth-like planets, they say, are very likely to have oceans and a useful type of atmosphere. Life ought to develop on them.

Out there among the uncounted trillions of stars, there must be many such planets. There *must* be. One outstanding authority, Stephen H. Dole of Rand Corporation, argues in his book *Habitable Planets for Man* that there could be 640,000,000 such worlds in our own Milky Way Galaxy alone.

But there is a catch. Even the nearest star is 25,000,000,000,000 miles away. Light takes 8.6 years to go from Earth to that star and back, and science assures us that it is absolutely impossible to go faster than light. Undoubtedly it would take our ships dozens of years for that round trip. And that is the *closest* star.

No, no, the stars are a poor substitute. It's the Solar system we want, the Solar system they took away from us thirty years ago.

The Solar system we can never have again.



MONTE CASAZZA

LUGOSI: THE COMPLEAT BOGEYMAN

A recollection of the bat, the corpse, the creature... and the human being.

by Charles Beaumont

It was an unusually gusty day for California in that Spring of 1952, but I didn't question the wind. Nor would I have questioned a sky gone suddenly black with the flight of bats, in thousands, quarking dire alarms; or a stillness upon the streets, broken only by an occasional far-off scream; or even angry mobs of villagers bearing heavy knobkerries sharpened to points. These things would have frightened me, but I would not have questioned them. For I was on my way to see Count Dracula. *(continued)*



My agent of that period had telephoned me at 3:00 A.M. with the news that one of my stories had been read with enthusiasm by Bela Lugosi. The actor had begun the yarn in the midnight hours (as when else?) and had immediately contacted the agent. Would it be possible, he wondered, for the author to pay him a personal call, to discuss terms? And... would Mr. Beaumont please come alone?—he disliked crowds; they made him jumpy.

Not wishing to make Mr. Lugosi jumpy, I agreed on both counts, and soon found myself trudging through odd hillside streets toward an unfamiliar address. With each step, the years seemed to peel away. I began to resurrect long-buried memories. Lugosi as the paranoiac commander of a school of blind men; Lugosi as Baron von Frankenstein's hunchbacked assistant, torturing the helpless Monster; then, later, becoming this Monster and being tortured by others; a hundred flash recollections of Lugosi stabbing and throttling and smothering, and biting, walking the screens as the personification of all the goblin evils that ever were; and, finally, in his royal cloak and deathly pallor, Lugosi as the greatest fiend of them all.

As I checked the numbers off the apartment houses and knew I was coming close, it occurred to me that here was the Compleat Bogeyman. Karloff was, perhaps, a better actor, and so were Rathbone and Lorre, but we had seen them all with their horror-masks off. We knew they were human beings, Karloff had edited fine anthologies of supernatural stories (AND THE DARKNESS FALLS, TALES OF TERROR), so brilliantly done that one could no longer think of him as a *bona fide* monster—he had even sunk to reading comics over the radio to children; and Lorre and Rathbone, tiring of grue, had returned to

straight roles—to the vast disappointment of such horror-addicts as myself.

Lugosi, however, remained true to the cause. His roles were invariably grotesque, and even (as in *THE BODY SNATCHER*) when he might have played it "straight," he chose otherwise.

He was a bat, a corpse, a cripple, a creature, a cheat, a thief, a murderer, an animal, a mad professor; but he was never, never a normal human being.

Thus having worked myself up and expecting a Transylvanian castle or, at the very least, a shabby, time-gnarled house, I was somewhat surprised to discover a California-style apartment unit, all chrome and pink plaster and dichondra. There was, I'm afraid, a swimming pool, but it had no water in it, and that was encouraging.

I stood for a delicious moment, feeling a bit like Dwight Fry and a bit like the boy who saw *ISLAND OF LOST SOULS* and went home and could not sleep for two nights; then I knocked.

Count Dracula opened the door. He was very old and weak, his flesh was parchmented, and he held a cigar in his left hand; but it was *he*, unmistakably.

"You are Mister Beaumont?" he asked; and his voice was as rich and alien as ever, his smile as darkly inviting.

I shook his hand and went inside. The apartment was in chaos. It was full of trunks and mismatched furniture and rugs and curios.

"I have read your story, Mister Beaumont. I want to come back to the screen, in the role of your devil."

I'd forgotten that Mr. Lugosi had not appeared in a film for many years. I told him I would be very proud of the distinction.



He leaned forward. "You have seen my movies?"

"All of them," I said. "Some of them three and four times."

"Indeed?"

"I put the cigar in his mouth and grinned happily. Then he gestured toward the wall. It was covered by a gigantic painting. "That is myself," he said, "as Count Dracula."

It was a surprisingly good painting, unsigned, beginning to crack. It portrayed Lugosi as a young man, clad in the familiar evening suit and cloak. He was handsome and lithe and every inch a vampire.

He laughed. "Myself." He shook his head and began to reminisce, speaking only of his tours with Dracula, what the role meant to him, how he had come to associate himself with the character.

"I made a great deal of money in those days," he said. "But now I do not have any money. In fact, I am looking for someone to share this apartment with me. Not because of the money. Because I am lonely."

I thought of sleeping in the same apartment with Bela Lugosi, particularly with the moon full, and the night windy. . . .

"About your story," he said, and we began to talk business. It evolved that he could not pay me but that if we went to a certain studio, now, we could undoubtedly raise the cash. "The producer there," he said, "worked on many pictures with me. He is a friend. He will give us the cash."

We got into my car—an ancient Lincoln—and started toward the studio. Lugosi dreamed aloud. "With this part, I will be number one again," he said. "I know it." He fell silent and remained so until a small dog leapt in front of the automobile; then he sat forward and

shouted, "Be careful, you idiot. Be careful!"

I swerved, and we missed the dog, and Lugosi patted his forehead with a handkerchief. I slowed to twenty.

"Listen," he said, and snorted. "Listen: right after *Dracula*, they called me and asked me did I wish to play in a picture called *Frankenstein*. When they told me about the part, I said: 'I am a star. I will not take a part without dialogue!' So I called a friend of mine in New York. He was starving. I told him the part was nothing, but perhaps he would make a little money. He came to Hollywood. He made the picture. Now Boris Karloff is on top and I am on the bottom. It is very funny."

I didn't think it was very funny, and I don't believe he did either. We stopped at the studio and Lugosi got out of the car.

I waited for an hour; then he came back, looking tired.

"He will not give us any money," he said. "Please take me home."

I took him home. He thanked me for my trouble, apologized for the inconvenience, and pressed my hand. I went away.

I knew nothing of his addiction to narcotics at that time, nor did I have any hint of his marital difficulties. I only knew that, for me, Dracula was finally dead, and in his place was a sick, friendless, lonely old man. . . .

The old man made one final appearance, in the film *THE BLACK SLEEP*; then, on the seventeenth of August of 1956, he, too, died.

His last wish was that his famous black cloak be draped across his body and buried with him. This was done.



DOWN ALBRIGHT



When Elephants Last in the Dooryard Bloomed
By Ray Bradbury

When elephants last in the dooryard bloomed
Brought forth from dusts and airing attics where they roomed
For many a year and faded out the roses on their flanks
And sucked the dust and tread the ancient grass in ranks
Beyond our seeing, deep in jungles on our parlor floor,
These old familiar beasts we led into the light
And beat upon their pelts and hung them in the sight of sun
Which glorious made the panoplies of thread.
What grandeur here!
What pomp of Hannibal and Rome and Alps,
Egyptian cerements and tombs, Troy's ruins, Delphic glooms—
Across such arabesques as these once walked Victoria.
Now in the lost great animal boneyard these lively skins are stretched,
Unravel, fall to pollen and to rust. *Sic transit gloria.*
All this has passed, is dim as ill-recalled rococo
But in my youth I stomped out cinnamons from these
God-awful paths and raised up such a flour of scents
As would reel down kings and make rise up to kingship
Lunatic lepers and foul penitents.
Old creatures, slung upon a wire in wind and light
And years' ebbtide
I beat you gently with my howdah wire-racket beater,
Search tigers in the shade of your deep hills
And stand, a monarch made, along your blind impatient old
And slumbrous side,
And know that modern carpetings and rugs, so bland, so broad
So nothing, and so shallow
Were made for snails
And men who breakfast, lunch, and dine
Upon the safe, sure, ever-recurring marshmallow.
Still somewhere in this world
Do elephants graze yards?
In far towns toward the East and North toward Michigan
Do grandmothers and boys go forth to lawns
And lines strummed there twixt oak or elm and porch
And tie thereon great beasts of Indian grace
Loomed taller than their heads?
Still on such days do heartbeats throng the town
Where elderwitch and tads,
Where toms and great-grand-crones gone feverish with sweat
Goad Time out of the warp and weave,
The tapestry of treaded hearthwarm woollen flesh,
Beat Time into the breeze and watch the billion footfalls
Sift clouds into the greening insufferable beauty of young trees.
Do old and young still tend a common ground?
Vast panoply and firewalk-spread of God's most patient brute
Whose firecoal eyes observe and well-worn side
Now feel the woman tire, so Boy takes up the beat;
Where one thump dies, another heart begins.
Along the cliff of dusty hide
From either end, with centuries between as well as miles,
Old looks to young, young looks to old
And, pausing, with their wands,
Trade similar smiles.





JOE LOUIS IN ATLANTIC CITY

by Jerry Tallmer

My uncle, call him Harry Katz, had changed his name to Harry Cabot when he got married. I do not remember him well, but I remember him on the boardwalk at Atlantic City, alone somehow with me, 29 years ago, in 1936, when I was 16 and he was in the pink, a brisk-minded and sympathetic man. I had gone down for a few days with my mother, his sister-in-law, and he was probably there with some convention of brassiere manufacturers. That was his business, brassieres, and I imagine he was good at it. We stood on the boardwalk and some young lady passed and Harry Cabot whistled lightly through his teeth and said, or murmured: "Perfect thirty-six." I was 15 going on 16 and had never heard the phrase. I asked him what it meant.

Joe Louis vs. Max Schmeling—recollections from Amsterdam Avenue and Atlantic City.

"Well, kid," he said, with a trace of wistfulness, "it means a perfect figure. The right measurements for a girl. 36-26-36. Nice breasts, nice waist, nice ass."

I had heard of breasts and waists, but I had never heard a grown man or anyone else use the word ass so casually, and it swarmed in my mind, as it still does. He was so calm about it, so bland and grown-up. Then he pulled a little white card from his vest pocket, a businessman's card, and put it in my hand. I still did not know what ass meant in just the way he'd said it. The card announced, in neatly engraved large-and-small caps:

VIYZDER ZOMENIMOR
ORZIZAZZIZ
ZANZERIS, ORZIS

and I looked at it and gradually figured it out. It struck me as very funny and I wondered whether to laugh. In all the 29 years since, with Harry Cabot maybe 25 years dead, the card has remained in my mind and it still makes me laugh.

Why my mother and I were in Atlantic City I do not recall, but I do remember our accommodations in a couple of rooms a few blocks south of where my uncle and I then were standing on the boardwalk. To get there you had to pass the building in the shape of an elephant. You

would walk past the Traymore Hotel and then the elephant and then get to this sparse section and the rooming house in which my mother and I were staying, back off the beach maybe a couple of streets.

Now that I think of it I am still a bit spooked by the house built in the shape of an elephant.

My mother was not (and is not) an Atlantic City type. Another mystery. When my father got married he also changed his name.

The rooming house was run by two old Danish ladies. Old is relative, and I was 15 going on 16. But today in my mind's eye they seem very old, very gray, very short and gnarled and withered and nasty, both of them. For artistic perfection they should have been German, but I definitely remember they were Danish, or said so. Many years later I was to learn of King Christian of the Danes who informed the Germans that if they touched one hair of, he and his family would permanently sew the Star of David onto their own clothes. These two old ladies were different Danes. They had a radio, an Atwater Kent in the shape of a chapel. As long as I live I shall not forget their glee in listening that night to the Atwater Kent.

Each day that we live, the sport or racket of boxing falls into deeper disrepute, deservedly. And why not? Fifteen years ago, no exaggeration, I met an intelligent 15-year-old who to that time had never heard of Joseph



JOE LOUIS



Louis Barrow, at least not really to speak of. He had heard of and knew all about Ed Sullivan and Johnny Ray and Jackie Robinson, but knew barely anything of Joe Louis beyond the name, and nothing at all of Benny Goodman or Louis Armstrong or for that matter J. D. Salinger. Today, somewhere, he is 30 years old and though we have not met in a long time it is known that he now knows of Goodman and Armstrong and J. D. Salinger and many others, and, not least, of Joe Louis.

Which is one thing, though not enough.

The reason for the disrepute of boxing is elementary: loss of import, loss of character, loss of tension. It is not the fault of a 15-year-old of 15 years ago that he was not 15 years old when Joe Louis was a figure of import; but as it happens I was, and I cannot help sometimes in the dead of night going back to it. I go back to a time when fighting, and one prizefighter, born in Alabama, bred in Detroit, meant more to the world and the future of the world than any prizefighter has meant since.

The two old ladies huddled around their radio and snickered, poked elbows, grinned. I sat across the room in agony and died. A German and a superman named Max Schmeling (later, afterwards, to Louis, "that Smellin'") was using his right hand and a flaw he'd observed in his opponent to beat an unsuperman into insensibility. He hit him in the head, in the head, in the head. The two old ladies smiled horribly at one another.

Joe Louis, the Brown Bomber, white hope of a new deal and era, was down and out. My grandfather, father-in-law to Harry Cabot, father to my mother, was recently back from his native Berlin with whispers I was not supposed to overhear. Not so recently: I'd heard those whispers since at least 1934, and have never yet understood the great ignorance of the world about them until 1944 and thereafter. My grandfather had already spent a fortune and was to spend yet another fortune saving those he loved from that which for the rest of the world for another decade did not exist. Some went to Shanghai, a city subsequently bombed with assistance from me, some went to Arizona. Joe Louis was on the canvas. Superman was supreme. The two old ladies smiled softly and put on a kettle for tea.

I have not talked of my father, who was a quiet, complicated man. He was a Southern gentleman from Richmond, Virginia, a true gentleman, self-made, self-educated, self-cultured, wheels within wheels, bookish, musical, unfathomable. Who would have thought him a Jew? Not very many. Until he neared death he practiced no religion, no more than my mother, nor did he give me any. Only when the machinery broke down, in curious incidents involving waitresses or bus drivers, did he have an angry word; only in privacy did he ever have a vengeful word.

I am now 17 going on 18, a senior in high school, and

my parents are divorced five years. We have an apartment, my father, my brother, and I, on the West Side of Manhattan, Amsterdam Avenue and 87th Street. Hitler is in Danzig, in Austria, in the Sportspalast, the Reichstag, screaming, swelling, pointing for the Sudetenland. We do not speak about it much. We buy postage stamps together, Washington Bicentennials, and put them in glassine envelopes in an album. We go to the Polo Grounds together and sit in Section 33 where I can cheer for Dick Bartell, shortstop, whom I'd still like to be, or for Carl Hubbell, pitcher, whom anyone in those days would have liked to be, or for Jimmy Ripple throwing himself into a diving somersault in center field and coming up with the ball, arm swept high for all to see. Each time Bartell trotted out onto the field he'd wave his gloved left hand up toward Section 33 as a hello to his special followers. If you ever saw Eddie Stanky, later, or Roy MacMillan today, you know the breed.

It is the night of June 22, 1938, two years and three days since Atlantic City, three months and eight days before Munich. All week the tension has mounted, mounted, and my father and I have said nothing about it: not one word. I do not know that he knows there is going to be this fight, for he has showed no interest in it: none. The long-awaited Louis-Schmeling rematch, unsuperman against superman with superman everywhere on the march. I do not know where my brother is; he is

not in memory on the scene. I am alone, nursing my tension, my fears, my dread, the end of the world. I have nursed it alone like that for a week, for a slow crescendo of many weeks of increasing dread. There is a radio by my bed. I put it on and the bulling, beautiful voice of Harry Balogh roars from the tiny amplifier, over the clang of bells: "... in this corner, wearing purple trunks ... for the Heavyweight Championship of the World ..."

Single clang of the bell.

The announcer starts yelling. He keeps on yelling. *"A left to the body, a left hook to the head, a savage left to the ..."* My father is in the next room, quietly reading his evening paper under the wrought-iron lamp. No he isn't. He is here in my room, all of a sudden, saying nothing, standing by my bed, white in the face, lips compressed. *"Another left ... another right ... a left to the stomach ... Schmeling is grabbing his stomach ..."*

It is the first round and Schmeling is down, the only man Joe Louis ever tried to kill, and the announcer is yelling, the crowd roaring, the bell clanging.

My father with his white face makes a fist with his right hand. The fight is over. Superman will spend the next little while in the hospital. My father slams the fist of his right hand into the palm of his left hand, once, twice, three times.

"Thank God," he says, "there is a God. Thank God, there is a God." Once for each sock of the fist. "Thank God, there is a God."



THE THIRTIES QUIZ

by Robert Thomsen

1. One of the most famous cartoons of this period showed two coal miners standing deep in a pit looking up toward the light as one of them said, "For goodness sakes, here comes _____." Who?
2. The thirties saw the beginning of a craze for self-help books; the following were all wildly successful, but can anyone remember now who wrote them?
 - a. *Life Begins at Forty*
 - b. *How to Win Friends and Influence People*
 - c. *Wake Up and Live*
 - d. *Live Alone and Like It*
3. Another national craze of the thirties was a sort of Tom Thumb version of an old and popular sport. In its new form it could be played alone or in large groups, indoors or outdoors. Do you remember it?
4. What fragile creature shot and killed two women friends in October of '31 and then shipped their bodies in trunks to Los Angeles? (Convicted and sentenced to hang, three days before her execution she was judged insane.)
5. One of the most popular songs of the depression was "Who's Afraid of the Big Bad Wolf." Does anyone remember where it was first sung?
6. With the advent of the New Deal, initials in all sorts of weird combinations began turning up in Washington. What did the following stand for:
 - a. CCC
 - b. PWA
 - c. FHA
 - d. AAA (Triple A)
 - e. TVA
7. "Information Please," the quiz show of quiz shows, had a panel of regulars and an occasional guest, but it was invariably emceed by whom?
8. And with what radio personalities do you associate the following:
 - a. "Good evening, Mr. and Mrs. America and all the ships at sea."
 - b. "Good night, Mrs. Calabash."
9. In the late thirties a dance from England swept the country. Every-one, eve-ry-where was doing "the _____ walk."
10. And does anyone remember the man who by finding talent in the most unlikely places became one of radio's wealthiest producers with his famous "Amateur Hour"?
11. Of course you know what the "fireside chats" were, but can you recall their inevitable opening phrase?
12. A curly-headed child did more than any other actor to lift Fox Films out of the financial depression of the early thirties, but she was only one in the long Hollywood tradition of child stars. Can you name the young stars of the following?
 - a. *The Kid*
 - b. *The Champ*
 - c. *Captains Courageous*
 - d. *The Little Colonel*
 - e. *One Hundred Men and a Girl*
 - f. *The Miracle Worker*
 - g. *The Andy Hardy series*

Answers on page 11.



*When music and myth blended
to create a jazz royalty.*



sweet and low down

the Lost Jazz Years by Nat Hentoff

THEY were larger than life-size, the jazzmen of my youth. In 1936, when I was eleven, I began to find another world beyond hit-the-ball in the street, school, and rebelling against my parents. At first, it was an entirely aural, inner world. Whatever I could earn working on a fruit wagon and later in a candy store went for records—Artie Shaw, then Louis Armstrong and Duke Ellington and Count Basie. And by the time I was thirteen, I was listening to more than I understood in Billie Holiday; but I was reacting nonetheless to something in her voice and beat that told me real life was taking place somewhere out there. The middle-aged, middle-class adults on my block were just existing, but Billie was *living*.

Soon records were frustratingly insufficient and insubstantial. I had to *see* what manner of man and woman made those sounds that reached into me and set off careening feelings—from visceral exultation to dark brooding with an infinite number of compelling way-stops in between. Until I was old enough to pretend to be old enough to get into a night club, one way to get into some kind of contact was the stage shows. I lament the extinction of vaudeville and the radical diminishment of the big band—only four jazz orchestras travel regularly now—because no television experience can equal that quickening seizure of excitement as a band's theme began to rise behind the curtain. And then—the curtain up—sixteen men were THERE, swinging. (*continued*)

They all came through town—Basie, Goodman, Shaw, Tommy Dorsey—but the one band that most symbolized the mystery, the pride and the picaresque independence of jazz was Duke Ellington's. His orchestra was like a traveling principality. I would wait outside the stage door of the RKO Theatre in Boston, hoping to hear him and the other prestigious sidemen say something, anything. The first time I saw Johnny Hodges close-up, my mouth dropped and I was paralyzed. A glimpse of Franklin Delano Roosevelt a few months before had not affected me nearly so powerfully.

Just as I knew the batting averages of every player in both major leagues, so I knew the complete discography of all the jazzmen who paraded through my imagination. Even if a third-trumpet player had taken a sixteen-bar solo on a record ten years before, I knew who he was, where he'd been born, whom he'd worked with. In those days, before the LP album with its detailed liner notes, this took some knowing. For the most part, the single 78-r-p-m discs told only the name of the tune, the composer and the name of the orchestra. My friends and I, therefore, had the sense of belonging to a secret society. Full of arcane knowledge about recording dates and personnel, we felt superior to those of our contemporaries who didn't know what it felt like to plunge into Ellington's *Jack the Bear* and to be able to picture every man in that band, to see each face in the section and to follow by memory each soloist as he stood and moved up front.

And we read. We read every book on jazz we could find. Except for *Down Beat* and then *Esquire*, the magazines mostly ignored jazz. It wasn't chic then; it wasn't America's "only true art form." To most of the adults who even knew the jazz names, our ikons were just another part of show business. Art? Art was Marian Anderson and maybe Paul Robeson. But to the adults, art was not Red Allen and "Tricky Sam" Nanton and Lee Wiley. We didn't think of them as ART either, but we knew they were saying something much more vital, much more durable than the pop singers and the pop bands.

Those books we read had little of the technical expertise and the socio-psychoanalytical speculation of current writing on jazz. In retrospect, they were simplistic; but at the time, the sweeping enthusiasm and rages of Hugues Panassie and the romantic historiography of Fred Ramsey and Charles Edward Smith matched our own insistent enthusiasm. Those writers saw the musicians as larger than life size too. We followed the acrid debates of the first critics, and we passionately took sides. The battles between the Trotskyites and Stalinists





in my neighborhood were no less bitter and fiercely foot-noted than were our arguments about the worth of "Chicago style," the tone of Bud Freeman and whether or not Duke Ellington was becoming pretentious in his larger works.

Gradually, as I passed sixteen, I met some of these wandering giants. Writing for a school paper gave me entree to "Fats" Waller. On records and on stage, he was mischievous, ebullient, mockingly free of care. To me, a stuttering youngster, he was extraordinarily generous. "Join me for dinner. Go ahead, order a steak. Take all the time you need." And the man behind the grin began to emerge. He spoke of how much he loved playing organ, but there was no money in that, and besides, how could a black organist achieve a concert career? He spoke of the times he didn't feel like making other people feel good, but he had no choice, he said. As the meal ended, he was somber, and then smiled. "Got to feed my face and make the show," he said, and left.

So they were human too, though giants. Others I got to know were sometimes rude, sometimes impregnable, sometimes impatient with a kid asking about records they'd long since been paid for and had partially forgotten. I remember one record collector writing to *The Record Changer*, a magazine for discographical addicts, in the early 1940's. He lived in the vastness of the mid-West, but on a rare trip to New York, he had finally met some of his heroes. And they had ignored him. Hurt, he wrote, "I'm never again going to meet any jazz musician. I'm going to stick with the records and just know them through their music." I couldn't understand his attitude. For me, even being rebuffed by a jazzman was at least being rebuffed by royalty. And those musicians who were kind made me feel as if I'd been knighted.

I came to know something of their pride of calling. For long hours one night, Jo Jones, the wry, restless drummer with Count Basie, told me of what he called the "gift" of jazz. "We can do things to people," said Jo, "that no one else can in the way we're able to. We can get them to feel, to recognize emotions in themselves that have been sleeping. We can get them to break through their inhibitions, to make contact with those of us who have seen and lived through a lot of experiences they only read about. We're special people," said Jo, "because we can't hide. When we get up on a stand, we're totally exposed. Why, I can tell you much more about what a man is really thinking by listening to him play than by hearing him talk. You can't hide anything in that horn, especially when you think you're hiding."

And one afternoon—again as a reporter for a school

(continued)

paper—I was allowed into the presence of the Duke himself. He was gracious, faintly amused at my difficulty in getting a sentence together through my nervousness. Finally he leaned back and explained: "What all this comes down to is a continuing autobiography. A record of what I see, people I meet, places I visit that keep changing. School is important, but don't forget what you can learn in the street and on the road. I know a lot more about this country and all the different kinds of people in it than those expert columnists." And I went home, feeling small, feeling so ignorant about the country, about myself.

As I came to know more of the musicians, the record collecting grew too. Unlike today, when a continuous stream of new jazz releases courses through the year, a new jazz record in the late 1930's and early 1940's was an event. It was precious both in itself and because of its rarity. There was time then to know a record intimately, to have it become absorbed into your bloodstream. Some records were as fully a part of me as the food I ate, the friends I had, the streets I walked. When I had the blues, I'd put on hours of blues records, and a kind of catharsis always took place. They nurtured me and taught me and soothed me.

Another difference between the jazz scene of my youth and the present was that in those days, sitting-in was excitingly frequent. Musicians visiting in town would come by a friend's job in a club and stay the night on stand if they felt like it. Today the musicians' union is opposed to sitting-in (why should the club owner get an extra musician for nothing?) and its agents sternly patrol the clubs. But then, you were never certain what an evening of jazz would bring. Sidemen, constrained by limited solo opportunity in the big bands which paid their wages, came by after a dance or the last show at a theatre and "stretched out." Even leaders would sometimes test themselves in new musical surroundings—Benny Goodman sitting in with Frankie Newton, Count Basie wandering in while Edmond Hall was on stand. Whitney Balliett of *The New Yorker* has called jazz "the sound of surprise," and it still is, but in those days, the surprises were compounded by those unexpected appearances of a visiting jazzman at the door, horn case in hand, looking expectantly at the stand.

Sunday afternoon jam sessions were also an integral part of the jazz microcosm twenty-five years ago. Real jam sessions. Today most of the Sunday sessions are simply extensions of week nights. The club's regular combo just plays another series of sets. Or, when some jamming does take place, it is fairly rigidly compartmentalized.

The current range of jazzmen are divided into increasingly distinct camps, and each cadre prefers to play with musicians of their musical persuasion. Years ago, however, the line between styles and age groups was much more fluid. A young avant-garde drummer would take over behind that steaming traditionalist Sidney Bechet. Oran "Hot Lips" Page would sit in with anybody, and after several choruses of stingingly lyrical trumpet playing, he'd sing the blues. When he felt good, he'd sing the blues for an hour, and it was like listening to an anthology of all the basic blues lines and images and experiences.

The musicians of my jazz youth were in a rather ambivalent position—as they viewed themselves. Economically, they were very much a part of show-biz. Their main income came from theatre shows, dances and playing in clubs for an audience which in the main wanted its jazz as background for drinking, courting or just talking. Yet the musicians were highly conscious of their tradition, and among themselves they closely followed the evolution of key players on the various instruments and kept each other aware of newcomers they had heard on their travels—newcomers who were "saying something."

They were not, however, self-conscious as artists. Most avoided abstract talk of aesthetics, and occasionally, when exasperated by a particularly diligent collector, they would take annoyed refuge in their craft. "Look," Duke Ellington once said to a clinging jazz scholar, "What you see there are sixteen men making their living!" In sessions and after-hours, they traded ideas and challenged each other, but they didn't talk like critics. The situation has changed radically, and inevitably. Today's young players, as their music has become more complex and more demanding—of themselves as well as of their listeners—do not regard themselves as part of show-biz. They tend to lecture noisy audiences; they are reluctant to answer requests and if they do, will only play tunes they want to. Their attitude is: "Listen to what I'm doing as music—not as 'funny hat' entertainment nor as an obbligator for trying to make it with a girl. Otherwise, forget it."

This stance is, as I've said, inevitable. While current jazz has lost none of the fire and intensity of the older music, it is true that its players are more consciously aware of themselves as expanders of form, as searchers into new ways of self-expression and collective spontaneity. Accordingly, there is a seriousness in many jazz clubs—not all—which would have been foreign to the jazz rooms of my youth. At times, I regret that loss of casualness, of let-them-be-noisy-because-WE-know-what-we're

doing. But that change had to come.

Along with that change, there has been a marked alteration in the very nature of the jazz musician. Today's jazz young are articulate in many areas. There were some of the older players who read a great deal. Joe Marsala was an expert on the history of migratory peoples, in the West and in Asia. The late "Tricky Sam" Nanton of Duke Ellington's band practically memorized each issue of *Time*, and there were few subjects on which he could not speak with a seemingly limitless array of facts. Many of the others, however, spoke largely of music, of women, of different towns. Today, there are those in the new generation who are astute analyzers of politics, Negro nationalism and of other arts than music. Cecil Taylor, the pianist-composer, is knowledgeable about ballet, the theatre, avant-garde films, and poetry. Trumpeter Donald Byrd has studied Negro history extensively, and pianist Denny Zeitlin is actually a psychiatrist as well as a jazzman.

The change is evident in the music today's young jazzmen write. Archie Shepp memorializes Malcolm X in *Malcolm*, *Malcolm*—*Semper Malcolm*. Charles Mingus satirizes Southern racism in his caustic *Fables of Faubus*. The names of African countries appear in modern jazz pieces. And Denny Zeitlin pays tribute to philosopher Martin Buber in a jazz original called *I—Thou*.

The new players today are also more formally schooled in music than were their predecessors. By and large, the older players learned by playing. There were many big bands then to function as mobile conservatories. And in the after-hour sessions, such master teachers as Coleman Hawkins and Charlie Christian would be attentively watched by jazzmen on the way up. Now, more and more jazzmen attend the Manhattan School of Music or Juilliard. Recently, for instance, a jazz guitarist was a week late for a sideman's job in San Francisco because he had final exams at Juilliard. And Donald Byrd has studied with Nadia Boulanger, the French teacher of such classical composers as Aaron Copland.

One result of the increased intellectualization of the jazz musician is that the critic himself is no longer immune to criticism. When I was growing up as a jazz observer, musicians annoyed at a review would either ignore the assassin or occasionally would make their counter-point with a right hand to the mouth. Today, an irritated target of a critic is apt to answer in the same publication with a polemic that turns the critic's own vocabulary against him.

There has been a resultant increase of distance between the critic and the jazzman. The musicians never

(continued)



did have much respect for the critics, but they were more casual than about what was written concerning them and often became drinking comrades of the jazz journalist. Some of this camaraderie still exists, but the relationship between performer and critic is more guarded. Since the current jazz young do take words seriously, they react more fiercely to attacks; and what was once a loose interplay between critic and player has hardened into the same kind of professionalization of opposing ranks that can be found in the theatre or in classical music.

In essence, therefore, there has been a rise all around in self-consciousness—among the players, the writers and the listeners. Some older listeners yearn for the old days of the “happy sound” in jazz, but jazz was never that totally euphoric. There were pain and frustration and anger in the jazz of two and three and four decades ago. But there was this difference—the older jazzmen were more transient in their attitudes than today’s. A fine performance was just that—to be enjoyed to the full at the moment. But there was the next night and the one after that. Today there is more analyzing by the musician, more dissection of past failures and partial achievements, more conscious energy spent in building a continuum of achievement.

Another major change in the jazz weather has been the growing isolation of the jazz young. Their elders, to be sure, were part of show-biz; but as a result, they joined in the gregarious life of the night people. Their friends were dancers, bartenders, hustlers and comics, as well as other jazzmen. Not considered artists, they moved easily through the entertainment world. The present generation, however, gets only intermittent work in clubs and those clubs are invariably rooms that specialize in jazz. They have and seek no ties with other circles of “show business,” and so, like poets or classical composers, they generally stay within their own “inside” groups. I am not passing a value judgment on this rising isolation but mention it to underline further the considerable change in the temperament of the jazzman today as contrasted with those I knew as a youngster.

Nor do they travel as much. With the big bands nearly extinct and with fewer jazz night clubs around the country, there is less and less work on the road. When the avant-garde players move today, they are more likely to venture to Europe, particularly Copenhagen, where an enthusiastic though small audience does exist for their exploratory improvisations. At home—and that’s usually New York where then as now all jazzmen must eventually be tested—they work clubs on the Lower East Side or at loft parties. Occasionally, there’s a job at a college

or a jazz festival and once in a while, in another city. But as a whole they are more stationary than their predecessors and so are less exposed to as diversified a scope of roving, extra-musical adventures as were the older jazzmen of the 1920’s, 1930’s, and 1940’s.

For myself, I am as immersed in jazz as ever, and find as much reward and self-revelation in the music of the young—Ornette Coleman, Cecil Taylor, Roswell Rudd—as I did and still do in such patriarchs as Duke Ellington, Coleman Hawkins and Ben Webster. What I miss in the present jazz scene is inescapably tied to nostalgia, to my lost youth and lost romanticizations. What I miss is not in the music being created by the young, but is in what the older musicians symbolized for me when I was young.

Gone is that special surge of excitement when the impending visit of one of the big bands was announced. When I was fourteen, I walked six miles and back for a Duke Ellington concert at Symphony Hall in the midst of a Boston blizzard. It was worth it, but I doubt if I would make a similar expedition now. The loss again is not in the music but in me. Also gone is that aura of mystery that the major shapers of the music had. Since they did not write of their music or of themselves and since they were always on the move, those players—somewhat like the distant movie stars of that period—seemed to be a special breed of men. You could get to know them at all mainly through their music, and so you brought to that music all your own fantasies and aspirations. And the image of the jazzman you created had less to do with what he actually was than with what you wanted life to be.

Today’s jazzmen are of regular size. More vivid, more individualistic, more irreverent than the common run of man. But they are not part of a distinctly separate, unattainable way of life. They are earnest and voluble and they do not project that nimbus of near-godhood that was so apparent when Coleman Hawkins or Johnny Hodges or Lester Young walked down the street. Using the film analogy again, meeting Katharine Hepburn in the 1930’s could make the heart pound and the palms get wet, but few of us today would react in that manner on bumping into a more brilliant actress like Kim Stanley.

It may be that, in terms of the pleasures of collecting impressions for the later tranquillity of nostalgia, we know too much about today’s jazz players. They tell us too much about themselves. We read too much about them in analytical and quasi-psychiatric articles in all kinds of magazines. We hear too much of them in the continuous flow of records and FM programs. And if

we're in New York, we see too much of them. But the accelerating rationalization of even jazz as an industry and the accelerating hunger of magazines and newspapers for more and more material cannot be stemmed. What we have lost in romance, we gain in accessibility.

I am delighted, however, to be old enough to have lived through that earlier period of jazz when, for those of us in the secret society, the coming of Duke Ellington was the apex of a year. When, through the noise and smoke of a jazz club, you might see a musician or singer you had not heard for months suddenly materialize and perform for the rest of the night. When myths grew around Bix Beiderbecke and Bunny Berigan and Mildred Bailey. Now we know those myths to have been at least partially romanticizations and we—even the young listeners—are no longer so quick to turn jazzmen into symbols. We try, as with Charlie Parker, and recently, with Ornette Coleman and Sonny Rollins, but it's getting harder and harder.

We are left, in sum, with the music of jazz. And that in a great deal, and shows no signs of diminishing in substance or swirling unpredictability. And if the musicians are no longer larger than life, our own expectations of life have narrowed. Except for the most militantly questioning of the young, and *their* symbols these days are Bob Dylan and Joan Baez rather than the unmysterious, hard-working young jazzmen. But I still find myself speaking to Duke Ellington as a commoner would to a member of the court, and I am still surprised when Coleman Hawkins or Earl Hines talks to me in a casual, egalitarian way. Obviously, I have not been able to exorcise all the jazz mythology of my youth. Nor do I intend to. After all, you see, Duke Ellington still seems to me a good deal larger than most of the lives around him.



**CAPTAIN AHAB IS DEAD;
LONG LIVE BOB DYLAN
OR:
ARE THE BEATLES REALLY
THE ANDREWS SISTERS
IN DRAG?**



JOHN WOOLHISER

by Jean Shepherd

TOM WOLFE, the first Man-Who-Writes-Like-A-Girl is a symbol of the final surrender of the male to the female. Wolfe,* who writes in precisely the same style as a Vassar girl dashing off a long, breathless, chatty, inchoate, gushy, italicized Gee-Whiz-Wow letter to her best friend at Radcliffe just *had* to come on the scene. If there wasn't a Tom Wolfe (Whoooooee!) we would have had to invent him, and maybe we did at that. He is the first literary product of the Great Role Reversal and the Girl Worship Cult to become really prominent, and he won't be the last. Even his foppish, exaggerated dress—orange suits, white ties, pageboy bob—fit the times almost too neatly to be true.

The 1960s could very well go down in history as the decade in which the new religion of Girl Worship came into full flower. And the most significant, saddest, and funniest result of this fantastic mid-20th Century Cult Of The Girl are the countless males who are now showing their total devotion to the Girl Cult by physically and psychologically aping them. The homosexual, of course, has always been with us, but the new Girl-Man is something else again, a kind of neuter who really isn't interested in other men, but whose great adoring, worshipful eyes

follow the New Goddesses everywhere. No

wonder Wolfe's most deeply felt piece is a gushy, rapturous paean to someone named Baby Jane Holtzer. He writes about her in exactly the same terms as a school-girl confessing her crush on the tall blonde Prom Queen who sits next to her in the study hall.

The word "Crush" is crucial here, and the New Man has crushes on these razor-thin, bony beauties; certainly not loves. It is not easy for a thirty-five-year-old to have a crush in the pure sense of the phrase; giddy, imbecile, simpering, rapturous—and fleeting—but the New Man is really just a perpetual twelve-year-old at heart, if he has one, that is.

Wolfe is just one of a growing clamorous phalanx of downy-cheeked, perpetual Little Boys who are beginning to inundate the pages of every High Fashion magazine that can afford them. I am surprised that no one has yet pointed out that Wolfe's prose style is pure, unadulterated Voguesque. His flushed-cheeked, glitter-eyed hyperbole has run rampant, unsigned, through the pages of *Mademoiselle*, *Seventeen* and



* Author of *KANDY.KOLORED TANGERINE-FLAKE STREAM-LINED BABY*

Vogue for at least ten years, but it was written in those cases by superannuated dowager editors, nervous Bennington girls trying to make good, underpaid, bitter divorcees and tall, broad-shouldered, high-booted girls with mustaches. When Wolfe came on the scene he had to be loved and fawned over by this same crew. He spoke their language with a vengeance and (Wowie! For Gosh Sakes! Holy Smokes!) he was a Male! Or something!

He wrote with the same wacky, woozy, ill-informed, skating-on-thin-ice, showing-off-for-the-other-kids, carbonated, Pepsi Cola'd shallowness that they knew and understood, because it was theirs, and only The Club knew the passwords. He also had a firm grasp of that peculiar arrogant Our Little Crowd snobbery that has always been part of the College Girl world. "We're In because we're Us, and there ain't nobody else that is Us, so they're not In, but if we let you In it's because we let you In, and there's no other way to be In but if we girls let you In. And we'll only let you In if we really like you. And we mean *really* like you. Like we like Andy and Gregory and Baby Jane and The Beatles.

Now all this pap would have absolutely no importance, which of course ultimately it hasn't anyway, if it weren't for the obvious fact that it represents something more than it itself is, in sum or total. I have yet to see profound Social critics of our age even recognize the great, growing wave of the female counterpart to the Tom Wolfes of our time. Wolfe illustrates an old truism along Drag Street, that a man in girl's clothing creates a hell of a lot more excitement than a girl in man's clothing, but they are both working the same beat.

I wonder what the late A. J. Liebling would have thought of the current crop of hard-bitten, Hemingway-esque, tough-talking (and I presume Tobacco-chewing) females who are today covering boxing, baseball and dragstrip racing with all the verve and gusto of a Levi-wearing, baseball-capped girls' finishing school sophomore who has just found out that she loves to say 'fuck' out loud with the rest of the boys.

This inanity came full circle recently when *Life* assigned someone named 'Shana' to cover the Clay-Liston fiasco. *The Village Voice* has at least five people named 'Barbara' who rhapsodize over Minor League ballplayers with the same easy familiarity of a grizzled sports-writer who has spent thirty years in the sweaty, steamy locker room of the Moline club, the Three I League.

Just exactly how these two fantasies arose is difficult to ascertain at this point in time, since I believe we are just on the beginning of the upcurve, and God knows where it will end. Perhaps with Barbara herself taking on Shana for the Middleweight Championship of the World, and Tom Wolfe Indian-wrestling Andy Warhol for the number three spot on the Ten Best Dressed Women Of The Year list.

This surrender of masculinity by the male of the species and its resultant adoption of virility by the female has been gradually observed in the popular arts for some time. However, its growth is logarithmic, rather than straight line, which is to say the beginnings were gradual but now the curve is arching upward rapidly toward a final great explosion of Swap Identities. The

word 'identity' has been for at least fifteen years a favorite totem in Literary circles. If there has been one novel described as "A young man's search for his identity in 20th Century America" there have been ten thousand. They have all had, practically without exception, the same theme, saying more unconsciously than they knew. The word 'identity' referred really to 'what sex am I?' and the search for an answer was almost strictly a Male search. I can't recall many novels: "A young girl's search for identity in mid-20th Century, etc." offhand, and I doubt whether many were written, primarily because the female *knew* where she was going. She was heading for the corner saloon, the Men's Shop in Macy's, and, if possible, the Third Base slot on the Dodgers. And it looks like she'll make it.

The male, however, was confused, since he had been conditioned from infancy to the ideas of an earlier age; the romanticism of a world in which men pursued women and women capitulated, and there was a thing called Love. It has been observed that the two sexes do not necessarily travel at the same rate of speed through time, and that the female of the species is perhaps more advanced into the 20th Century than the male. Hence the male's confusion as to what and where he is. The male is also, historically, not as adaptable as the female to changing conditions of life, so hence the transition into a new, impersonal, urbanized existence has not been as easily consummated by the man as it was by the woman.

The fascinating results can be seen everywhere. The romantic development of the male Beatnik of the early Fifties who tried to fantasize himself out of his time and developed great glass bubbles of fiction around his life, fervently imagining himself to be a 19th Century cowhand, a fistfighting hobo of the Thirties, a Whaling sea captain, a Spanish bullfighter, and God knows what else. The remnants of this fantasizing are still with us in the Bob Dylans, who once was quoted on a record jacket extolling one of his discs as having "Fistfought his way across America, singing for nickels and dimes." Poor little one-hundred-and-thirty-five pound Bobbie. I can't imagine who he fistfought with, but I'm sure he fervently believes he did. He is really the end product of the Kerouac era, with one difference but it is a significant one, and that is whereas Kerouac avowedly wrote Fiction, Dylan believes his, and would bridle at the idea that it was pure fantasy.

Why do men in the 1960s find it necessary to dream themselves into another existence? Well, that's not so easy to answer, but I suspect it could be that the outside world, the world of Mao Tse-tung and the great void beyond have become a little difficult to deal with. Children have always played House with interchangeable roles, and I suspect that great portions of our population are reverting to childhood in their moment of terror.

And of course there is that matter of Responsibility. This is one of those words that is slowly beginning to creep out of the language as others have in the past, like 'Honesty', 'Patriotism', 'Courage', and 'Immoral'. It is fascinating to watch how closely language itself reflects changing times. H. L. Mencken was a dedicated

student of this phenomenon, which led to the development of Semantics as a branch of The Humanities. 'Responsibility' is a word that now is used almost exclusively to describe something that *Society* should have toward the individual and is hardly ever mentioned, if at all, in the reverse. In short, as we become more and more child-like and create a firmer foundation of fantasy for our lives, playing House with a vengeance, it is obvious that we must eventually reverse roles if we are to avoid personal responsibility. A male who has adopted a female role cannot be expected to have the responsibilities of Fatherhood, being feminine, and conversely a female who has clothed herself in the outward guise of masculinity should not be asked to wash the dishes.

And ultimately, of course, Sex will have to go too, since it obviously entails many dangers, such as who is going to do what to whom. And even more to the point *why?* So the development of a race of Neuters sliding back and forth on the identity scale at will was inevitable; asexual, non-involved, self-loving, and almost entirely devoid of the more human compassions, and cruel to the extreme.

Cruelty is one of the most obvious characteristics of the output of the New Neuter, both female and male, a kind of constant running Put-down of all the Others, the Others, of course, being those who are, for one reason or another, Out.

The ascendancy of the Girl as top dog, or shall I say top bitch, in our society has created some exotic by-products. Among them is the male Soap Opera. A Soap Opera can be defined as a sexual fantasy wherein the chief character is triumphant in all situations and maintains an air of superiority through great perils and incredible catastrophes, but always remains successful in the end. Helen Trent was the great prototype of the Soap Opera world. Even her tag-line was highly significant: "The program that answers the age-old question—Can a woman of thirty-five attain true Love?"

You bet. At least old Helen did. Every male who appeared on the horizon immediately went ape, threatened suicide, suffered amnesia, developed catatonic blindness, and took to drink, all over the love of Helen Trent, which of course she withheld.

Helen Trent is so close to James Bond as to wonder whether Ian Fleming might have been an old Helen Trent fan. A few decades back, countless downtrodden women lorded over by an all-powerful male out having, at least so his woman thought, endless Fun At The Office mooned dreamily over the ironing board as Helen Trent, Wendy Warren, Mary Noble and other spectacularly sudsy ladies squelched, ground under heel, obliterated, loved and left male after male as the afternoon wore on toward that disastrous moment when Attila the Hun slammed the door open and hollered "Where's supper!" For her, Helen represented real life that was being lived somewhere Out There, and oddly enough was a spookily accurate harbinger of Career Girls to come. Countless offices today are riddled with steel-jawed, skiing, surfing, motorcycle riding Helen Trents that have about as much use for males as James Bond

has for chicks.

Ah yes, James Bond. The new Helen Trent for a multitude of sunken-chested, bespectacled, Pepsi-drinking *Playboy*-reading, fantasy-ridden, lonely males. 007, the nuclear bomb of Passion (or at least Sex, and there is a difference, gentlemen) has become the will-o-the-wisp dream phantom of the great horde of those who prefer to read, or are afraid to date. The amazing number of males who today moon about Sex, read about it, see it in films, write about it and do everything but *have* it is highly reminiscent of the virginal ladies who in the 1930s and early 40s read 'True Confessions', 'True Romances', and gaped at Bette Davis epics of celluloid sensuality. The old novel of the beautiful sensual female has all but disappeared. Kathleen Winsor and 'Forever Amber' are fragile period-pieces of another age, written for women who dreamed, to be replaced by the current crop of novelistic Male sexual fantasies of the Norman Mailer/J. P. Donleavy/Ginger Man stripe. Sebastian Dangerfield is the reading man's Amber. Fantasy studs who thunder their way through billowy fields of acquiescent females, untouched by any of them, triumphant to the end, but all with a wicked glint of delightful, boyish humor in their dancing eyes.

Exactly the way Amber St. Clair was described by an earlier fantasy merchant of an earlier era. Even the names are similar; Amber St. Clair—Sebastian Dangerfield. My god, will Sexual wonders never cease?

The women who read and quivered to Amber had as little real Sex in their lives as the nervous, hollow-checked, gaunt admirers of Donleavy have in theirs. And for the same reasons. They both belong to a Minority group in the Sex game.

Today's movies bulge with Male pipedreams, gigantic heroes in the arenas of Studdery that boggle the imagination. Why, if one believes the movies even Woody Allen has a chance with Ursula Andress, and poor tired-eyed, weak-chinned Peter O'Toole is more effective than a red-eyed, short-tempered Durham bull among a herd of cows.

And what are the New Women doing during all this? Nothing. They don't have to. Now in the saddle, growing taller and heavier by the minute, they no longer need the fantasies and dreams of an earlier time.

The resident Husband now in the 1960s, quietly mooning over the automatic washing machine, eyes glazing lustfully over Miss June the Playmate of the Decade, his well-thumbed paperback edition of "The American Dream" by Norman Mailer in the back pocket of his lowcut saddle-stitched Neo-Gary Cooper Levis, waiting for the dryer to finish the week's laundry, his hands chafed and worn by long immersion in Mr. Clean, The Dishwater Wonder, uneasily fears the moment when Helen of Troy slams open the front door and bellows, "WHERE THE HELL'S SUPPER!!"

We are all in it together, and there is no turning back. The Great Role Reversal is rumbling upward and outward in an enormous mushroom cloud of irresistible force and all we can wait for now is the fallout and the casualty reports. A new age is dawning.

NOW YOU SEE THEM



*Lon
Clark*

*Staats
Cotsworth*

*Cliff
Carpenter*

*Matt
Crowley*

*Bret
Morrison*

*Al
Hodge*

*Jackson
Beck*

*Richard
Kollmar*

*Mary Jane
Higby*

Research compiled by Frank Buxton and Bill Owen. Their forthcoming book, "Radio's Golden Age, The Programs and The Personalities" will contain casts, production credits, theme songs, catch-phrases and general information for all of radio's great shows from the earliest days through 1950. Further details are available from EASTON VALLEY PRESS, BOX 113, ANSONIA STATION, NEW YORK, N. Y. 10023.

then you didn't — but oh, those voices. That box in the picture is a radio — and the guy leaning on it is in reality, Lamont Cranston.

Round One: Adult Reality versus Childhood Illusions. An early knockout? Precious youthful dreams scattered on the canvas of a complex grownup world?

No bell rang but the encounter had begun. The arena was the basement of the Park Sheraton Hotel, and in one corner, wearing six-guns and flight goggles, carrying a Speed Graphic and a .38 special, chatting with Kato and Margot Lane, were The Cisco Kid, Terry of Terry and the Pirates, Casey, Crime Photographer, Boston Blackie, The Shadow, The Green Hornet and a host of other characters who lived in the wondrous radio years of the late 30s and 40s.

In the other corner, clothed in conventional garb were Lon Clark, Staats Cotsworth, Cliff Carpenter, Matt Crowley, Bret Morrison, Al Hodge, Jackson Beck, Dick Kollmar and Mary Jane Higby. These nine persons had been the voices for the unforgettable characters of radio—in the days when a glass of milk, a jelly sandwich, and a radio on the kitchen table were the instruments of deliverance from grownups, school and absolute boredom.

Here, in the Park Sheraton, a photograph was to be taken. More, this would be a reunion of astronomical nostalgic proportions. Yet there were worries. Were these precious memories, stored so long in the sand castles of our mind, going to be wiped out by the oncoming tide of professional actors who we knew could bear no resemblance to our beloved radio heroes?

We waited.

Finally the elevator opened. An unfamiliar face, but an ever so familiar voice. "Sorry I'm late. It's been murder getting a cab."

It was the same voice that years ago had fervently declared, *Of all the Senoritas I have known, you are the most beautiful*. His Senorita of the day would respond, *Oh Cisco!*

It was the Cisco Kid. Only today he was calling himself Jackson Beck and he wore a neat blue suit and dark glasses.

Then in walked Terry of Terry and the Pirates. No great gong rang. No unintelligible Chinese chatter. No Oriental theme, sung by Kel Keech and played on a ukelele. His name was Cliff Carpenter and he smiled gently at us. He came without pirates.

"How do you do. I'm Bret Morrison," said another voice. This was the voice that made you grip the legs of your kitchen table every time it boomed, *Who knows what evil lurks in the hearts of men? THE SHADOW knows*. To be followed by that laugh, that never-to-be-forgotten, chilling sound. (*THE SHADOW, mysterious character who aids the forces of law and order, is in reality Lamont*

Cranston, wealthy young man-about-town. Several years ago in the Orient, Cranston learned a strange and mysterious secret . . . the hypnotic power to cloud men's minds so they cannot see him. Cranston's friend and companion, the lovely Margot Lane, is the only person who knows to whom the voice of the invisible SHADOW belongs.) Well, now we knew that in reality Lamont Cranston was Bret Morrison. His laugh was friendly. He was balding, wore glasses and had on a bright checkered sports jacket. And we had no difficulty seeing him.

The elevator opened again and a tall man thanked the operator in unmistakable velvet tones. It was Al Hodge. (*He hunts the biggest of all game! Public enemies who try to destroy our America! With his faithful valet, Kato, Britt Reid, daring young publisher, matches wits with the underworld, risking his life that criminals and racketeers, within the law, may feel its weight by the sting of THE GREEN HORNET!*)

He entered without his faithful valet Kato. There was no bee buzz. And if he had come by car it had probably bogged down in traffic, unlike the sleek black beauty which once roared unhampered through city streets. In place of the loyal Kato he was accompanied by his lovely wife.

Reality began to pinch, but there was no time to assess the damages.

Again the elevator opened and Matt Crowley walked in (*Buck Rogers in the 25th Century!*). No ray gun, no space suit. A neat, handsome man in a well-tailored suit. His rocket ship was probably a Checker cab today.

Lon Clark arrived (. . . *Nick Carter . . . Master Detective*). Tall, moustached, but alas without a gun in hand.

Then all the gentlemen stood as a lady entered the room. She was Mary Jane Higby (Joan Field of "When a Girl Marries"), a mature, attractive woman who doubtless had more important things to consider now than handkerchief-twisting romances.

They all talked, they laughed, they reminisced and as the sound of their voices wafted across the room, we realized that the magic of radio had been too strong. The commitment it asked of our imagination had been too deep. No matter what the Shadow looked like today, he would remain forever what we had made him then. It was, no fight, no contest. The two sides would never battle it out to the finish because it was impossible for them to enter the same ring.

And what of the "voices" who stood before us. . . What was reality to them? What of those who had given the dreams to us? Jackson Beck, the dashing, gallant Cisco Kid, spoke for many of them when he said, "Today I do commercials and make a good deal more money. And I

(continued)

like this too, but somewhere along the line something is missing.

"Imagination. That's what's missing on television. On both sides of the camera."

Beck continued. "I got a great big bang out of the Cisco Kid. I was in my own mind, as well as in the part, the most dashing of romantics. There were thousands of shows, and in retrospect, they all take on a glow I know did not exist at the time. It was a great time to be an actor and I was lucky to be a part of it."

For Cliff Carpenter, whose "Terry" valiantly waged the good fight against villainous Yangtze River pirates, the Golden Years have become more glittering as time goes by.

"When radio was in its heyday, I tended, along with other 'serious actors' to denigrate radio and radio acting. I now feel that some of the finest creative talents that I have known or known of were on radio. There was Art Carney, Tom Tully, Cameron Andrews, Ray Collins. On "Terry" Pat Ryan was played by Warner Anderson, who is now featured in "Peyton Place." There were times when I worked almost daily with Agnes Moorhead, Orson Welles, Ed Begley, Everett Sloane, Les Damon, Staats Cotsworth and dozens of other richly gifted performers.

"Those days were more rewarding than I was possibly

capable of appreciating at the time."

In another corner of the room Dick Kollmar (*BOSTON BLACKIE!—Friend of those who need a friend; enemy to those who make him an enemy*) sat and traded anecdotes. He laughed and recalled the days when the biggest problem for performers were overlapping rehearsals. "The rehearsals and performances rarely took more than an hour and one half. The only nerve-wracking aspect was figuring out how to get from NBC to WOR in five minutes or from WOR to CBS in three.

"Never, did actors make so much money for so little effort."

Along side Kollmar stood Staats Cotsworth (Casey, Crime Photographer. . . . *Click. Got it. . . . Look for it in the Morning Express*). He had rushed in straight from rehearsals at the N. Y. Shakespeare Festival.

"Radio was a great adventure in the 1940s if you were lucky and versatile. To me it was never an end in itself, but a means to achieve enough solvency to do the things I really cared about . . . painting and acting in the theatre."

The group talked for a few more minutes and then the photographer called them. He posed them, the shutter clicked and a thousand childhood memories were framed within an eight by ten boundary.

RON SALZBERG



"(Click) Got it! Look for it in The Morning Express!"

"HE HUNTS THE BIGGEST OF ALL GAME! PUBLIC ENEMIES..."

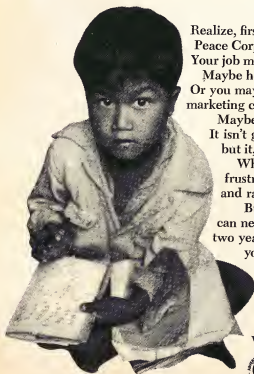
"Buck Rogers in the 25th Century?"

"Who knows what evil lurks in the hearts of men? THE SHADOW knows."

"Of all the señoritas I have known... you are the most beautiful."

If you want to change the world,

start small.



Realize, first off, that in the countries where the Peace Corps works, you have to start small.

Your job may be teaching a child in Nigeria the alphabet.

Maybe he can't use it now—but he will. And it's a start.

Or you may be helping Colombian farmers to start a farm marketing cooperative. And for the first time they'll work together.

Maybe you'll help set up a health clinic in a Pakistan village.

It isn't going to solve all of the village's medical problems—but it, too, will be a start.

Whatever you do, it won't be easy. You'll have failures and frustrations. You can work for months—maybe even a year and rarely see results you're happy with.

But you'll be finding out things about yourself you can never find out anywhere else. By the end of your two years in the Peace Corps, you'll know how much you can give, as well as how much you can take.

And more important, to many of the people in 46 nations, you will have brought something they never knew was there: hope. If you're willing to take on the biggest dragons of them all: hunger, disease and illiteracy, start right now.

Write: The Peace Corps, Washington, D.C. 20525



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